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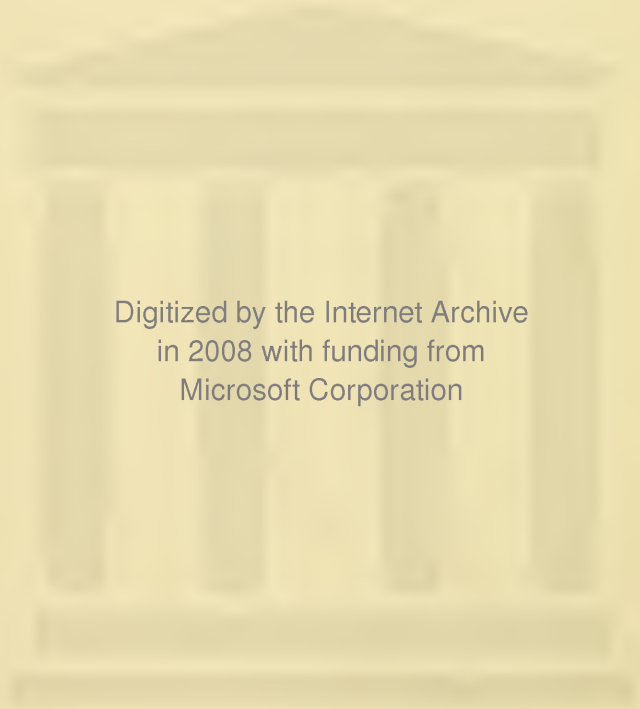
UNA MARY

THE INNER LIFE OF A CHILD



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UNA MARY

THE INNER LIFE OF A CHILD

BY

UNA HUNT

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TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

PREFACE

THIS is the true story of the inner life of my childhood. It is the story of the life of any imaginative child, differing from others only in details of the material which came my way and from which I built my life, my friendships, my world, and my beliefs—with the needs felt by every sensitive child, the same searching for an explanation of life and the universe and the same hunger for a religion through which to become part of what I saw and felt, to link me with the known and the unknown, the unseen mystery of which a child is so acutely conscious and which I felt pressing in upon me from every side.

The life of Una Mary ended when I was fourteen years old. It was hardly a case of dual personality. I did not feel that I was two people. She was the rest of me, the deep, inner, real part that no one else seemed to know was there; the part of me that felt, felt with an intensity that was almost pain, a dumb ache of emotion.

The outward surroundings and circumstances as I have used them are partly real, partly imag-

inary, and very often adapted to conceal the identity of other people who were part of my life but might not care to have me trespass on their personalities. I have changed all the names except my own and have taken liberties with many of the places and events, but in every case I have kept the essential truth of their relation to my life and their influence upon the mind of Una Mary. All that concerns her, everything that is descriptive of Una and the Imp, my kaleidoscopic ideas about religion, and my imaginary existence with Edward in My Country, I have told with absolute literalness, and have tried, in doing so, to give some vague idea of chronological development, though to avoid confusion it seemed simpler to arrange the book roughly, according to subjects; therefore many ideas and beliefs that were emerging at the same time are necessarily described in separate chapters.

My one object in writing has been the hope that some of my readers might say, "I remember I felt so, too," the hope that they might become vividly conscious of their own half-forgotten points of view as children, with their tragedies, bewilderments, and joys.

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UNA MARY

CHAPTER I

FROM THE BEGINNING TO CHRISTMAS

I WISH, as far as I am able, to write the inner imaginative and religious life of my childhood, beginning with my earliest memories. This was the part of my life of which I spoke to no one until after I was nine years old, but of which I was always conscious with an intensity that at times made my outer life seem a dream and this the only reality, in which I grouped and arranged all that was most precious to me, and from the combinations worked out successive theories of the meaning of life and beauty, of God, and the relation of these elusive feelings to the spirit within myself that I felt was the Real Me and named Una Mary to distinguish her from my outer self, named Una.

Like every child, I was conscious of the special personality of all objects, making them terrible or lovable, and responsive to me, but more than that,

I, Una Mary, was part of them; I understood them as themselves, and we were altogether parts of some vast, unseen whole, all symbols of an infinite greatness just beyond my grasp. I felt it in the ache of beauty, in the wild power of the wind and sea, in the brooding mystery of mountains, in a star-clear night, in the joy of running water, in the miracle of flowers, in the Presence-haunted forest, in the pulse of great cities, in the dauntlessness of ships, and, above all, in the radiance of certain human faces. I had been at the heart of them all, but our hearts were the heart of something greater, and we had known each other and this Something, and been interrelated from all time. Of course the full consciousness of this did not come to me as a small child, yet I never remember the time when it was not in some measure present.

As I look back I first find myself standing on the porch of the house we lived in until I was two and a half years old. I stood between the piazza posts facing Mamma, some strange old lady dressed in black with a large lace cap, and Lizzie, the cook, all of them horrified because I had just swallowed an orange seed. I felt it prick as it went down, and then, when I saw how frightened the others were, I had my face puckered up ready to howl with terror, the tears beginning to stream down my cheeks, when I was arrested by hearing

Lizzie say, "I wonder if it will grow inside her?" and I winked back the tears at once, entranced at the thought of myself as a flower-pot. I have no idea what happened next; the picture is blurred out, for always my memories are pictures. I see the whole scene, the grouping and expressions of the people, and I even know how all of them are dressed. I wore a blue coat with white pearl buttons the day the seed went down.

The next scene that comes to me must have been a few weeks later, when we were moving into our new house. I sat on a table in the pantry watching Mamma and Lizzie arrange the china on the shelves. There were an iron mortar and pestle which I had never seen before, as they always lived on the top shelf, and it seemed to me very pathetic, after such an exclusive existence, that they should have to travel over in a moving van, jumbled together with all the common kind of lower-shelf crockery. I felt very sorry for the mortar and pestle, and kept them beside me where I could pat and comfort them. Then, when the whole pantry was in order, I watched Lizzie, who stood on the step-ladder, carefully put them in their proper place on the top shelf where I could no longer see them—a retreat worthy of their dignity. Afterward I insisted upon being present when they were taken down for the yearly pickling and pre-

serving, that opulent week when the whole house and even out to the sidewalk smelled of aromatic deliciousness, all made possible by the pounding of the pestle in the mortar. They seemed to me the king and queen of the preserves, and much more to be thanked than Lizzie for the sticky joys of the large spoon I was allowed to "scrape" after the stirring of each kettle of jam.

One morning about six weeks later I was playing alone in the kitchen—it impressed me because I had almost never been alone before—when Papa called me to come up-stairs. As I toiled up the stairs, which were still quite a mountain for me to climb, stepping up, as I did, with one foot and hitching the other up after it, Papa, who stood at the top, told me to come quickly and see my sister who had just been born. He seemed greatly pleased and excited, but I was quite calm, only so surprised that nothing seemed real. I stood still on the next to the top step, holding on to the banister, trying to believe it was true, until Papa leaned over, took me in his arms, and kissed me as he carried me into Mamma's room. I was sorry to find Mamma sick in bed, but she looked very happy in spite of it, and after I had kissed her, "very careful," as Papa told me to, he uncovered the basket in front of the open fire over which Lizzie and a strange woman were hovering, and in

it I saw a queer little squirming red-faced creature that they said was the baby, my sister! I was never so disappointed in my life, and went back to the kitchen to cry because she was so ugly.

As she grew older other people seemed to think she was a very pretty baby, but she was not my idea of beauty, and my only consolation about her was that now everybody kissed her dimples instead of mine—the ones in a row along the back of her hand. I had hated it. On my hands, instead of the dimples, they now only noticed the mole on the little finger of my left hand, which they said was a pity, but I might outgrow it. I hoped not, for I was very fond of the mole. It looked to me like the stone in a ring, giving that finger an air of extreme elegance, and I used to hold my cup, when I drank, with the little finger crooked out as I had seen a much-beringed lady hold hers. And besides, without it, if the two looked exactly alike, how could I ever tell my right hand from my left?

With the next thing I remember came for the first time that over-feeling of a something beyond and more than the thing itself, the personality that was part of something greater. It was the first of those deep, vague feelings which made up the life of Una Mary, and it was on that day that my inner life began, although it was not until a year

later that I gave the name of Una Mary to my Inner Self, the self who seemed so apart from the Una who was just a member of a family, so different from the me our friends saw and talked to, who played with toys, sat on people's laps, and "took walks," dragged about the streets by the nurse who wheeled my sister's carriage; and, above all, who wore the clothes I hated, of dark blue or brown, because they "did not show the soot like white." My clothes were so unlike me, so unlike the person I felt I was inside, and made me look so unlike myself, to myself, that I think they were one of the main reasons for my inventing Una Mary. I had to be some one unlike the child who wore them.

This next thing was in itself a curious object to impress a child of three. I can still feel the shiver of awe that went through me that summer afternoon, when I saw outlined against a hot blue sky, the intense dry blue that only the sky of the Middle West can produce, two large gas tanks painted red. It was partly, I think, the sudden rousing of my color sense in response to the positive shout of the contrast of the red against the blue—strong color has always thrilled me—but more than that I felt a sense of silent strength and reserve power, a feeling of inevitableness that I have felt ever since in large, simple masses of

construction. I feel it always with tanks, often when I see great office buildings, and sometimes it grips me when I see the girders of a bridge outlined black against the sky or the slow-moving arm of an immense derrick swinging, heavy-laden and serene, above a hurrying swarm of workmen. They all seem the embodiment of something tremendous and relentless, and I feel the sort of fear many people feel during a thunder-storm, fear of a power beyond my understanding or control, and with the fear there is exultation in its very strength.

All this did not come to me, of course, that first afternoon. I often saw the tanks afterward, and the sensation they gave me gradually became clearer and more conscious, but I shall never forget my first sight of them, when a feeling of overwhelming loneliness swept over me, and the way in which, although I knew he could not understand, I tightened my grasp on my father's hand to assure myself that protection was near. I felt it as Una Mary, because it was something I could not explain, could not tell any one about, could only feel, and feel it, I was sure, as no one else could.

Whether I was told they were filled with something that might explode, or whether it was because of the similarity of shape and color, I cannot tell, but always after the next Fourth of July I

associated them with cannon crackers, the largest and most awful form of the ordinary fire-cracker, and felt that the tanks might be a gigantic nightmare of the same shattering confusion, ready at any moment to burst their quiet red cylinders.

The following summer a tornado swept through the town where we were staying, and as I watched from the windows and saw the great elm trees that surrounded the house bend like blown grass, their tortured branches snapped off like leaves, or whole trees uprooted and flung aside as lightly as if they had been weeds, I had again the feeling the gas tanks had given me, except that this time there was less fear and more exultation. I clapped my hands and shouted with excitement, and then became more excited still, but silent, as I realized that I could not hear my own voice, the noise of the destruction outside was so terrific, the very soul of power seemed let loose—power, the tremendous, invisible something that all my life has fascinated and perplexed me, which I am always trying to confine in some embodiment to bring it within the control of my imagination, power that cannot even be described and so brought within the boundaries of fixed words. I felt less afraid of the tornado than I had of the tanks, because in the storm the power was more obvious. It seemed to be doing what must be its worst. I

could see its full strength let loose. This same tumult of destruction I felt was bottled up inside the tanks, but in them, with their deadly stillness and immobility, there might be much more besides. There seemed no limit to their possibilities for danger.

All the memories connected with the Una Mary side of me are either shot darkly with this unknown terror or lit by an unearthly glamour of beauty and suggestion of enchantment which I felt, for the first time, on the Christmas eve when I was three years old and saw my first Christmas tree. Whatever we discard in our theories about children, I hope we may always keep the Christmas tree, that every one may have the memory of this miracle of childlike beauty, this supreme creation of genius, in that it is the embodiment of all a child can feel, brimming over with wonder and bursting joy, of the very soul of toys and fairy-land.

Mine was at the house of the German consul. He and his wife were young people recently married, and this tree celebrated their first Christmas in America, and so it was all a perfect German tree should be. We were the only people asked to it, my parents, Agnes, and I. I can see the room still, in a typical rented suburban house, new and tasteless, with stiff black-walnut furnishings, all

throwing more strongly into relief the glory of the marvellous glittering tree towering to the ceiling, shining with threads of fine-spun gold, wreathed with chains and festoons of red and silver, hung with iridescent balls of gleaming metallic colors, with long icicles and toys and silver stars, and at the very top a snowy angel blowing on a tiny trumpet. Then my father and the consul began to light the candles. Real living flames, one by one they quivered into being like stars that are born at twilight, until the whole tree shimmered and breathed with their beauty.

Of course children believe in fairies and radiant, half-seen presences, and they always will as long as we give them Christmas trees. As I sat at the foot of this personification of all enchantment, all beauty, and all dreams, I felt as if a spirit had been called into being before my very eyes, as the children in the fairy-tales must feel when the fairy with the magic wand appears, and I burst into tears, not because I was afraid, but because I could not bear the ache of all it meant to me.

To comfort me, my Wonder Lady, as I afterward called the consul's wife, took from the tree a gilded walnut, which she gave me, telling me to pull the loop of ribbon that made its stem. As I did so the two halves flew apart, and there inside, on beds of pale-blue cotton, lay two tiny dolls.

Could any one have been dull to the charm of that—two real little dolls as the kernel of a magic nut! It was like the Wonder Lady to give it to me to quiet my tears. She always understood Una Mary. A real toy or an ordinary doll would have tumbled me to earth too suddenly, but the magic golden nut with its dolls of unmistakable china was the one perfect link between the tree and me, the one thing that could make the glamour real and tangible enough to belong to me and yet no less marvellous and beautiful.

Afterward we went home through a snow-storm just as the street lamps were being lit. I had never seen them before, and as I saw the lamp-lighter put up his little ladder, light the lamp, and almost with the click of its closing door run off to light the next, I felt as if the whole city was a Christmas tree with the lamps for its candles, and I longed to hang presents for everybody on the lamp-posts.

I loved the whirling snow, the orange lights cast on the whiteness, and, above all, the moving shadows, especially the one of Papa with me in his arms, that crept long and thin ahead of us until something frightened it, when back it scuttled and squatted down at our very feet.

As Mamma put me to bed that night she told me about Santa Claus and read me "The Night

before Christmas"—a poem sacred to many of my most precious memories. Then we all hung up our stockings around the fireplace in Mamma's room, and, sure enough, in the morning they were filled and overflowing in piles on the floor with presents for all of us, proving that the poem had been true and Santa Claus really had come down the chimney and galloped away with a much lightened sleigh. And when I went down-stairs to wish Lizzie a Merry Christmas, there, on the kitchen table, stood a statue of Santa Claus himself, the snow still sprinkled over him and in his arms a small Christmas tree, so I knew that the marvellous tree of the day before had come from him, too. It had seemed too beautiful for the earth.

Christmas became the great day of the year, the day all the other days seemed merely shadows of, and Santa Claus was its spirit, the only person I associated with Christmas, for it was not until I was nine years old that I heard it was Christ's birthday.

I got Lizzie to write letters to Santa Claus for me, asking for everything I wanted, from a brother to a toy broom, and the year my youngest sister was born I wrote to him at once to tell him of her arrival, and at Christmas the presents in and below her minute sock, all of them labelled correctly with her name, I looked upon as a personal

achievement, for no one else had remembered to tell Santa Claus about her.

I always drew three large kisses at the bottom of the page and signed the letters "Una Mary." I felt Santa Claus would understand letters from her better than he possibly could from Una, for it was Una Mary who loved his Christmas tree and who dreamed off in his sleigh. Each night before going to sleep I used to say:

> "Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
> Send your sleigh
> And Una Mary whisk away."

Then I imagined myself sitting in it, the reindeer pulling faster and faster over the snow, until we rose up in the air over the housetops, flying up, up, and then I was asleep—always I was asleep before I got high enough to find out where Santa Claus lived, whether it was behind a cloud or up in the moon. Perhaps he was the Man in the Moon except at Christmas, smiling down on the world by night and busy making our presents by day.

Once, when I said I hated a certain toy, Lizzie told me I ought to be very thankful for everything I had as there were a great many children who had no toys at all. Instead of making me thankful it roused all my sense of injustice. I could not

bear the thought of those other children; it seemed so unfair that they should have no toys. It must be because Santa Claus did not know about them; so each night afterward, as soon as I had called for his sleigh, I really prayed to him and implored him, between Christmases, to be sure and find the names and addresses of all the children there were so that no one should ever be left out again.

Perhaps Santa Claus is as good a preparation as a child can have for God. I know they were real prayers I prayed to him.

The Wonder Lady played an important part in my life for the next five years—she was so at heart a child herself. In a cabinet in her parlor there were some china dogs and a little tub in which I was allowed to wash them with make-believe water—just the sort of things to put in a cabinet, it seemed to me—and I cared for them more than for any of my own toys, except a stick on which some one had carved for my mother the head of the Old Man of the Mountain. They appealed particularly to Una Mary, who did not care much for regular toys.

The Wonder Lady had several children of her own during those years, but she still kept a place for me, and each time she came back from Germany, where they spent the summers in a castle

in the Black Forest—I was sure it was the castle where Grimm's Princesses used to live—she brought me a wonderful present. Once it was a sash from Algiers, striped in the softest living colors of raw silk. I was only allowed to wear it on rare occasions, but I used to love to open the drawer where it was kept and stroke its clinging smoothness. I have it still and am glad to know that I felt it was beautiful even then.

Another year she brought me a necklace of cloudy amber, fine, round, graduated beads, and in one of them there was a speck which, when I examined it, proved to be a tiny fly. Papa told me that amber had been the gum of a tree at the time when the fly was caught, and afterward such great changes had gone over the world that the trees had turned to stone and were now covered with water, so men dug for the gum in mines under the sea. It was my interest in the amber, my own amber, that first opened my mind to glimmerings of the stupendous shaping of the world, its vast changes and its curious continuity, for even in those far-off times, when what was now sea had been dry land, the familiar fly had buzzed and blundered his way to the first sticky surface he found, exactly as he might do to-day.

The last time I saw the Wonder Lady was just before we moved to Washington. She had come

to say good-by, and as I stood beside her she let me play with a pin she wore, made in the shape of a tiny box of crystal, set in gold, with a lid that opened, and inside a tiny crystal that moved around like a drop of water. It had always seemed to me the most entrancing jewel, and as she went away she gave it to me. Mamma used "to wear it for me until I grew up," but I found it on the pincushion occasionally, and then I would pin it to my nightgown so Una Mary could wear it all night.

I wonder if she was just kind or if the Wonder Lady realized a little what her presents meant to me, knew how much food she was giving to the imaginative, beauty-loving Una Mary side of me. I think she must have known. I remember her as always dressed in soft, lustrous materials that I loved to rest my cheek against, a harmony of dull browns and tans melting into the tones of her smooth, dark hair. With her I always think of Agnes, who became, through me, a friend of hers, and my mother's most intimate friend; but she was my friend first.

I was born in a curious little gabled house across the street from what I remember as the large and stately mansion where Agnes lived. Our house was on the side of the hill above the city, there so steep that the back yard went down in

terraces to the roofs of the houses below, while on the street side there was a long flight of steps up to the sidewalk on a level with the second-story windows so Agnes from her house always knew, by the commotion of getting my carriage up the steps, when "the baby was going out," and used often to come over and wheel me up and down. But as she was fourteen years old and I three months old when we first met and smiled, most of my memories of her come later and are connected with her growing up and becoming a young lady, a time of great excitement, with many confidences to my mother, interspersed with teasing from my father, at which she always giggled so delightfully I laughed, too, in sympathy.

I knew one other real young lady—it never occurred to me that married people could be young—Maud. I only remember the way she looked. Dressed always in black, her clothes seemed a long sheath for the gorgeous flower of her head with its flame of copper-red hair. I was sure she and my mother were the most beautiful people on earth. Maud had a hat with drooping ostrich feathers, and how I longed for one like it for Mamma, who said she could not afford it! Later Agnes bought one, which was next best to Mamma's having it, with a long, green plume so drooping that it almost touched her shoulder.

One day when she was lunching with us I went up-stairs and found the hat lying on the floor, with only the rib of the feather left and the fluff scattered all over the room. I rushed down-stairs crying, and told her the feather was dead and only its skeleton left. Just then we caught sight of Agnes's dog, a puppy, with telltale green fuzz sticking to the corners of his mouth. Only the week before he had chewed up Emerson's Essays. I begged for the scraps of the feather and carefully put all the bits I could find into a box, and next day gave it a most elaborate funeral in the back yard, with the puppy dragged at the end of a string as chief mourner.

CHAPTER II

UNA MARY AND THE IMP

MY greatest friend was Harry. His mother and mine had gone to school together in Cambridge and, both marrying at about the same time and going to Cincinnati to live, had clung together, and taken houses on the same street.

At first they had felt out of place in what seemed, in contrast with Cambridge, the crude materialism of much of the Western life, but very soon they found friends in a circle of most charming and cultivated people, most of them, like ourselves, of the professional class, for Harry's father was a lawyer and mine a professor.

As Harry and I were the same age we were brought up together and were inseparable companions. We had all our toys in common and shared everything except my inner life as Una Mary. That went on quite apart, with its imaginary people, places, and worships. Harry's mind was of the concrete order, and I realized even then that he could not possibly understand.

Among our toys there was a large, black boy doll, with buttons sewed on for eyes, named Sam, to whom Harry was devoted—he used to take him to bed with him every night—and there was a rubber baby named Jemima who belonged to me. They were our favorite toys, for they had as many lives as a cat and bobbed up serenely through everything.

We always played as Harry pleased, and he bullied and teased me a great deal, which I bore meekly, until one day when he bit a hole in Jemima I could stand it no longer. All the pent-up rage of Una Mary burst out at once and I flew at him like a wildcat. I was smaller than he, but I was ready to fight to the death for my rights, so I grabbed him by the shoulders ready to shake him with all my might, but before I even began the expression of my face was so fierce that he burst at once into loud wails for help. I shall never forget my surprise and triumph as I realized that I had conquered—conquered in spite of being small, with a strength I could always command. I only had to set Una Mary free, to let her come outside, and she could do anything.

After that I had only to make myself feel like Una Mary and put on an expression of grim determination to have Harry wilt at once. I soon knew that particular expression by the way it

made my face feel, and I used to do it by putting my hands in front of my face while I frowned and fixed my jaws. Then, when the muscles were all in place, the feeling that corresponded with the expression would come over me until I felt as fierce as I looked. It became so well recognized among the children we played with that I had only to say, "I'll fix my face," to get my own way at once.

One day I was told Harry could not come and play with me as he had measles. I did not in the least know what measles was, but, as I always had half of whatever he had, I at once trotted down to his house to share measles, too. Their front door being unlatched, I walked in and up to his room undiscovered, and when his mother came in presently to read to him, there I sat on the bed drawing pictures. I most certainly shared the measles later, greatly to the delight of Harry, who used to come and dance a war-dance under my window, shouting: "Una's got the measles, Una's caught the measles!" But he always brought me a present, so I forgave him. Usually it was ice-cream or jelly. In fact, being ill when I was a small child, as I look back upon it, seems always to have been a prolonged orgy of delicacies; even medicine went down in jelly or lemonade. Agnes consoled the measles with a pair of toy scales on

which I weighed the sugar for my oatmeal. They gave generous weight, those scales!

All the children we knew had the measles that spring. One after another it tumbled them down like a row of dominoes, and we used to trace its whole genealogy, singing it like a chant, until we got back to

> "John caught it from Una,
> Una caught it from Harry,"

and then came the question of where Harry got his, until one child said, "God dropped his measles down from heaven; everything starts there," which seemed to all of us a satisfactory explanation, so we ended our chant with: "And Harry caught it from God."

We had two favorite games. One was to jump up and down in the centre of a large double bed, the springs sending us high in the air again at the end of each jump. It was blissful in itself, this effortless being shot straight up, like coming to the surface of the water after a dive; and then on coming down on the soft, bouncing mattress, to keep one's balance was almost as skilful as the circus rider's poise on the back of her horse. We played circus rider at first, but later I had the theory that just jumping for its own sake made Christmas come sooner, that it made time go

faster, so each day we always did "twenty jumps nearer Christmas." The whole year to me was "going on Christmas," as soon as the first of January came with its change of date, just as I, the very night after my birthday, was always "going on five," or whatever my next age was to be.

Our other game we only played when the family were all out. We felt it would not be approved. The servants certainly took that view of it, but, as they never told on us, we kept on playing it with a feeling of wickedness that was half its excitement. This was indoor coasting. We did it sitting on brooms or a tin tea-tray, down the front staircase in Harry's house—his stairs were steeper than ours. The broom was the safe and conservative method, as the handle went in front and broke the fall at the bottom; also it went more slowly; but my soul was only satisfied by the perils and joys of the tea-tray. I started at the top, collecting my small self and superfluous skirts as near the centre of the tray as possible, holding fast to the carpet until I was ready. Then I gave a push with both hands, and down through bumping, clattering space I tore with such impetus that I only stopped, when shot off the tray at the bottom step, by bumping into the front door at the opposite end of the hall.

Mamma could never understand how children got so many black-and-blue spots.

I have since been down the "helter-skelter light-house" at Earl's Court. I was with two very dignified barristers in evening dress and high hats at the time, and, as we all sat on our little mats and shot down the spiral track, I felt the inventor had a true though dim ideal of real pleasure; and certainly the crowd that watched us shoot out at the bottom minus our hats were appreciative. I have also slid down a grassy mountainside in Hawaii, sitting on a palm-leaf as the old kings used to do, but it could not compare with tea-tray coasting.

The children I knew and played with during the eight years I lived in Cincinnati were nearly all boys. There were a few girls—I remember them in the background—but boys cared for the things I liked; that is, the things I liked as Una. Una Mary never played with any one. She walked alone, like the cat in Kipling's story. So I spent most of my time with Harry and his friends, and together we climbed every tree and shed in the neighborhood. I have always admired my mother's courage in allowing it, for I was often badly hurt, but after each fall, when vinegar and brown paper had been applied, her only comment was, "You must learn to climb better," and I did. Soon I

could get to almost any roof by way of the water-spout and gutters. Then one fatal day I climbed to the top of the belfry of the church. I had climbed up safely and laboriously, but getting down the steep slate roof from the ridge-pole to the gutter, so high above the ground, was more than I could do. Panic seized me, and there I sat until rescued by ladders from the fire-engine house. After that, Mamma drew the line at roofs, and the boys, who had none of them dared try it themselves, were unbearable on the subject, while the minister, whose church it was, called me his "sparrow on the housetop." I wondered if sparrows were trying to screw up their courage to fly when they sat so long on the ridge-pole.

It was really all the fault of my Imp. It would never have occurred to me to be afraid if it had not been for him. But it was just the sort of thing he was always doing, whispering in my ear as he did then: "You don't dare go down. You're scared."

The boys had said, "You dasn't do it," and that had sent me up at once; and then at the height of my triumph, as I looked down at the awe-struck group below, while a frantic policeman shook his club and yelled, "Come down or I'll arrest you," suddenly the Imp had paralyzed me. He has been the curse of my life, that Imp, for he

is always there, just behind my left ear, a little black demon watching and jeering at everything, and he has a hateful, hunchbacked sort of mind. He actually seemed to giggle whenever I coughed during my prayers and was delighted when I was unhappy. I knew he was not real, but that made him more awful. A real demon I could do something about, but one that was just in my own mind there seemed no way of controlling, until I had a brilliant idea of pretending to cry or to be naughty just to amuse him. As he always seemed to be taken in by it, I gradually grew to despise him, but he required a great deal of time and attention.

The other girls were all afraid to climb, and hated pet toads, or "pretending," and the other things I cared for; but besides our lack of tastes in common there was a deeper gulf that separated me from all the girls I knew, and that was clothes and everything that had to do with outward appearance.

My parents had been brought up in Boston among the most unworldly and transcendental set of people, so their point of view was wholly that of "plain living and high thinking," the "plain," whatever it was, being of the best and most wholesome materials, but lacking a lightness of touch I longed for. So my clothes were good but very severe and usually dark in color.

At parties the other little girls wore fluffy muslins trimmed with lace ruffles and bows. I looked at pictures of them the other day in an old fashion book, and they must have been nightmares of fussiness, those children's dresses of the early eighties, but to me then they seemed the quintessence of loveliness, for at the parties when the other little girls wore them I always had on plain, stiff white piqué. How I have hated that material ever since! Then, too, the others all had long, flowing hair with bangs or a single curl tied by a large bow on one side of the head, while my hair was cropped short like a boy's, so short I did not even know it was curly, of the true angel kind, and might have floated in ringlets down my back if only it had been allowed to grow. As it was, I looked exactly like Papa's nickname for me: "Little Lanky Towhead." It perfectly described Una, and how Una Mary abhorred her!

Parties were a deep misery to me, I felt so unlike the others, and the sort of discomfort the older boys seemed to feel in their overgrown hands and feet I felt all through my whole body. How I wished I knew how to make myself invisible, for then I should have adored parties, they were so pretty and so gay! Once a little boy gave me the ring he had found in his slice of cake at a birthday party, and I almost cried with pride at

being treated as if I were a real girl, and for a time forgot all about how Una looked and was in the full swing of feeling as if I were really Una Mary and having a magnificent time, when the Imp brought me to myself by whispering: "Look at your boots!" I looked and collapsed like a pricked bubble, for those boots were the worst trial of my outward life. The other girls all wore shiny kid buttoned ones or thin little slippers with a strap over the instep, while I was condemned to perpetual lacing boots, the only ones in Cincinnati, of the best quality calf, though that mattered nothing to me then, ordered each year from Tuttle's, in Boston. Poor Mamma, with her care and truest economy, little guessed the agony she caused me. I hated those shoes as I hated nothing else on earth, with a hatred of absolute despair, for it did no good to scuff out a pair as quickly as possible. I tried that once by kicking at a pile of stones for hours. Their exact duplicate, only a little larger, at once appeared.

All the other children wore kid gloves, while I had to wear mittens in winter until I was twelve years old; and then my sense of justice was utterly outraged because my sister was given kid gloves at the same time, and yet she was nearly three years younger than I!

It was all tragedy to me and gave me a feeling

of fundamental difference from the others in a rich Western town where little girls of five wore jewelry and carried parasols. They even had their ears pierced for earrings. They wore thread run through at first, then straws to keep the holes open, and after that ravishing little forget-me-nots of turquoise or pearls, while my ears just ended in lumps of skin—even a straw run through, I thought, gave a more finished appearance. But Mamma was firm when I implored her to let Lizzie, who had done her nieces', stick a threaded needle through each of my ears.

I was once given a ring and a parasol by a kind and pitying person, but I was never allowed to use them. I tried on the ring and then they were put away until I got older, put away with the precious sash and amber necklace that I was only allowed to wear on my birthday and Christmas.

Of course I am glad of it all now and know that my mother was right, but it was iron in my soul at the time. I am especially glad because it tended to throw me so entirely with boys. They said I was not silly like the other girls—how could I be with such a handicap? But it was the outdoor life of adventure I lived with them that I peculiarly needed as a balance to my own inner imaginary life that went on quite apart and for which I saved a stated time each day, when I be-

came wholly Una Mary and my imaginary clothes were simply an orgy of ribbons and lace.

Una Mary at this period was always dressed in white muslin that absolutely frothed ruffles all around her knees, with a red sash tied in a bow as large as a bustle behind and a scarlet hair ribbon tying up the single curl that rose above the bang on her forehead—for, while other children had either a bang or a tied-back curl, I decided to give Una Mary both—and she wore just as many rings and bracelets and necklaces as she pleased, and, of course, had earrings and slippers with heels. How I admired her and how I felt her appearance did justice to what I really was! Sometimes after a party I wished I could die at once, because my celestial self, I was sure, would look like Una Mary, and then God and the angels, anyhow, would know what I was really like, and perhaps I could be a ghost and haunt the party people, and then it would scare them to see how lovely I was and they would cry to think they had never known it while I was still alive.

Even with the boys I felt different and something of an outsider because of my pronunciation. I was brought up with the accent of Boston and all my being longed for the rolling Western R. But family influences proved too strong for me. Although I grew up entirely in the West and the

South, so far as I know I have not picked up a trace of either accent.

All the other children called their parents popper and mommer while I had been taught to say papa and mamma, clipped-off and meagre words in comparison. I remember once, when I met a new child, referring casually to my mother as mommer and the feeling of relief it gave me to have it taken for granted, instead of the sneers of "stuck up," followed by a mimic of my "mamma" that was the usual beginning of my friendships, and yet with the relief went such a sense of disloyalty that I never said it again.

The story of the Ugly Duckling seemed to me so pathetic I could hardly bear to have it read. I knew just how he felt, and yet the boys were nice to me in their way after they got over the first "queerness." The trouble was that I could not myself get over the feeling that it was true. I was queer. My Imp kept me reminded of it continually.

Next door to us lived a boy of fourteen, Richard, who became one of my heroes, and besides being part of my outer life gave a real impetus to my inner life by teaching me to play with chessmen, not chess, of course, but games of fairy-land and battle on the carpet in his room when I went over, as I occasionally did, to have supper with him.

I had sometimes played with a carved ivory set of chess Mamma had at home, but it was Richard who taught me the names of the different pieces and explained in terms of the fairy-tale world what they meant—kings, queens, bishops, knights, and pawns. I was simply entranced by the vistas of romance they opened before the eyes of Una Mary, and at once made them a part of my imaginary world. The knights became the sworn enemies of my Imp, and persistently joisted against him when he cut a preposterous figure, perched on a big, gray horse, like a little, black monkey dressed up in armor. Edward, my imaginary friend, the companion of my whole childhood, was the over-prince at the head of the chess world.

The first time I had supper with Richard is indelibly impressed upon my mind, because it was the first time I had ever gone anywhere alone, except to Harry's house, and in honor of the occasion I wore my best dress of dark-blue cashmere, with a lace collar, my handkerchief securely fastened with a safety-pin to the belt that defined my knees rather than my waist-line.

I must have been very small, for it was the first time I had sat in a real chair instead of a high chair—the fact that I had a hassock and a dictionary under me in no way detracted from the dignity—and I drank out of a glass tumbler

instead of a silver mug. I was so impressed by the grownupness of the occasion that I decided to hold my fork and spoon as Lizzie had often told me "ladies always did," balanced lightly between my thumb and forefinger like a pen, instead of clutched securely with my whole fist as I had always held them before. I even struggled with my knife and fork at the same time, but that was too much for me to engineer. It was like learning to skate. They seemed possessed to go off in opposite directions, until Richard advised me to concentrate my mind on the knife and let the fork take care of itself. Then I began to succeed. The fork was as meek as a lamb if I paid no attention to it, and after that day I always cut up my own food and held my fork the grown way, much to the disgust of Harry, who was months in learning to imitate me.

The next time I went into society alone was for lunch with some children I had met during my brief career at kindergarten. Before I went Mamma impressed it upon me that I was to eat whatever was given to me whether I liked it or not, and not behave like a little girl who was at our house one day when we had bread pudding, which she refused to eat, and when Mamma had urged her to try some and see how nice it was had replied: "It looks familiar." I had sympa-

thized with her deeply, but Mamma said it was bad manners, and if I did such a thing people would all think my mother had brought me up badly. So I sat down at table fairly solemn with good intentions.

I had never seen olives before, but when they were passed to me I took one and bit into it politely. Then, after my first wild struggle with disgust at its taste, I wondered what I should do. I simply could not bite into the horrid thing again, and yet it must be eaten. Only one course seemed possible, so I took a huge drink of water, gulped hard, and swallowed the olive, stone and all. Though almost choked, I was supported by the feeling that the family was not to be disgraced through me. Even if we could not live in a house with a mansard roof, as all really grand people did, I had proved I was well brought up!

A little later one of the children asked for my olive stone, and my calm statement that I had swallowed it created such a delightful excitement and made me such a heroine that soon after, at home, when Harry was lunching with us, in order to impress him I decided to swallow a whole prune, as we had no olives. But it proved too large to go down, in spite of all my efforts, so I dropped the stone behind the side-table and then announced that I had swallowed it. The immediate effect

was all I could wish. Harry's eyes almost popped out of his head with excitement. The frightened household gathered around me, and everything was perfect until Lizzie rushed in from the kitchen with the suggestion of standing me on my head and shaking me by the legs, as that was the way they got the penny out of her sister's Tommy. She seemed on the point of carrying it out, so I hastily remarked it was only a make-believe stone I had swallowed. From the grieved dignity with which I was treated for several days, it was forever impressed upon me that, in the grown world, make-believes are called lies.

My Imp was delighted with the whole affair. It was just the sort of thing that suited him, and he held it over me for years.

CHAPTER III

GOD, DEATH, AND THE ANGELS

MY parents were Unitarians, a form of belief not easily made clear to a small child, so they decided it was better to bring me up with very little religious teaching of any kind until I was old enough fully to grasp its meaning and reason a way out for myself. When I asked the theological questions all children ask I was told nothing except that there was a God who had made the world, about whom I could not understand until I grew older. They felt that left me free to work out my own salvation, when the time came, unhampered by preconceptions. If the result was no religion, at least it would be a sincere negative. If some form of creed, Unitarianism seemed to them inevitable; it would be maturely thought out and really believed. This attitude was characteristic of their conscientious fair-mindedness, and Harry, the only child I knew well, was brought up in the same way.

It was at the time when the conflict between

Reason and Religion was most acute. Nearly all our friends had become either agnostics or Unitarians, though a few of them were still Episcopalians. Agnes was going through the agonies of emancipation when I was a small child, and her difficulties, I think, strengthened my parents in their theories about bringing me up. The only trouble was, they never for a moment suspected that their attitude tended to throw a veil of mystery and terror over the whole subject which made me wonder about it continually. I longed to know more, yet a certain family loyalty prevented my asking other people the questions my parents refused to answer. I laboriously worked out my own solutions from the scanty information I picked up incidentally from Lizzie or from other children and from my own observations, and so made my belief out of strange and twisted materials. Theories of some sort I had to have—every child must who thinks at all—and I was, I think, by nature really religious—that is, Una Mary was —and all my successive religious beliefs were founded on the highest insight I had and my various cults were conducted with real worship and absolute sincerity.

Harry and I were most carefully brought up on the ethical side. That, we were supposed to be able to understand. Even truth was not con-

sidered too abstract for our minds, though where the line was drawn between "pretending" and lies was too much for me. Grown-ups were so unreasonable and unexpected about it! Why it was wrong to swallow a make-believe prune stone but rather a virtue to see a make-believe bear was more even than my Imp could understand. Harry early gave up the struggle of discrimination, and decided offhand that everything you did not know about was lies and nothing was true except what you were able to preface with

> "Honest true
> Black and blue,
> Lay me down
> And cut me in two."

Harry was eminently practical. He liked his world simplified, spiritually, mentally, and actually. He was always inventing labor-saving devices, and could slip off his clothes at night by only unbuttoning four buttons. The rest he left buttoned, so that in the morning he could put them on whole, so to speak, like a shell.

In moments of moral stress, especially on those occasions when one had to give up something because one was the oldest, our parents seemed to base their pleadings and reasonings entirely upon the ethical system of "Mr. Dooun Tothers." It

was Harry who discovered his sex. He had heard some one say, "He said, Dooun Tothers," which proved he was masculine, though to me he had seemed rather feminine, a vague, much-resented spirit of pathos whose grip was soft as velvet but powerful as steel.

We were never ordered to do anything or told arbitrarily that we must obey. The matter was always explained to us and left to our own better natures to decide. How I detested my Better Nature! It seemed a precipitate of all the tears and flabbiness of which Una and Una Mary, both of them, were capable. It was the most weak-kneed, lackadaisical creature and gave in at once. The pathos of Mr. Dooun Tothers was always more than it could bear.

As soon as I heard Mamma say, "Remember, Una, Dooun Tothers," I felt the battle was lost. I knew in a moment I should be handing over whatever it was he wanted, and the worst of it was, it was usually something I already had; for he not only took away future joys but snatched them out of your very hand. It was rare, indeed, when he allowed you to keep the largest apple.

Once he took the most unkind advantage. My grandmother had sent me money to buy a dog. I wanted a dog more than anything else in the world. We were at the seashore at the time, and Mamma

read to me from the newspaper about the vacation work for poor children, a scheme that had just been started. That all children could not go away for the summer was a quite new and terrible idea, but that some of them had never even picked a wild flower or been in the woods seemed as unfair as being left out at Christmas—worse, for here there was no one who could rectify the mistake, no Santa Claus to whom one could appeal. As I talked it over with Mamma she said that we could, each of us, help, and if we all saved up and sent money there would soon be enough to take most of the children to the country; that the money my grandmother had given me for a dog, for instance, would be enough to send two children to the country for two weeks, and she was sure grandmother would be glad to have me give it to the vacation fund instead of using it to buy a dog. That was the sort of thing Dooun Tothers meant.

My heart was wrung with sympathy for those poor children, and yet with all my being I longed for a dog, an Irish setter, a puppy, a red one, that I could bring up myself. The conflict was really agonizing, but when I heard the name of Dooun Tothers I knew I was doomed. I might as well give up that puppy at once. So the money was sent.

Later I derived such satisfaction from seeing my name in the newspaper as a benefactor that

Harry, from sheer jealousy, was compelled to send the money from his pig bank to get his name in the paper, too. But he always considered it an additional grievance against Dooun Tothers.

That was one of the very rare times when Mr. Dooun Tothers gave us any material compensation. Surely the magnitude of the sacrifice demanded it! Usually the only satisfaction was having the hurt feeling inside you stop—the hurt feeling he alone had created by battering against the Better Self.

Grown people had another way of working upon us which we welcomed quite unsuspectingly, until I one day woke up to what they were really doing. This was by means of bribes. On and on they lured us along the path of virtue, made smooth and pleasant by ice-cream for dessert, new pennies, or, on Lizzie's part, by the tin-foil saved from yeast-cakes—tin-foil from which priceless jewels could be made—and once I collected the pieces for a whole month and made a silver ball like the one the Princess lost in the fountain in the story of the Frog Prince. As I say, we welcomed the spoils system, and Harry remained its faithful supporter as long as I knew him, but I looked at it askance from the day when I made my discovery, which came about in this way:

My mother was very ill, so ill my grandmother

had come on to take care of her. The whole house had to be kept very quiet, and I used to sit on the stairs outside Mamma's room playing softly with my doll, hoping and hoping she would soon be better. Then came the happy day when she was better, able to sit up, and my grandmother began to pack to go home. I was sorry she was going home because she used to tell me stories about when she was a little girl and could paint on china. During this visit she had given Mamma a tea set painted with yellow cowslips. When I said I was sorry she was going she asked me if I would go with her to Cambridge and make a long visit. I did not want to go at all. I wanted to stay and be near Mamma so that I could be sure she was getting better. Then my grandmother added that if I went home with her I could have an orange to suck every day, and I said at once that I would go. She gave me an orange on the spot to make me realize immediately the joys that were before me, and as I sat on the stairs luxuriously sucking it the full enormity of the situation came over me. By saying I would go, just because I was to have an orange every day, I had seemed to say that I cared more for oranges than I did for Mamma, and I knew that was not true. Was that what grown people always did when they offered us presents for doing as they wished? Did they make us sell the things

we loved best for material joy like an orange or letting you wear your best dress? Translated into my own terms, it seemed as if what they did was to pay Una to betray Una Mary, and from that day on I was cynical about bribes, and never took them unless, like the tin-foil, they were of Una Mary's world. That seemed fair and was exchange, not bribery. My father and mother never used this method. They always asked me to do as they wished because they wished it, because it would please them, or because it would make them unhappy if I failed to do so. This I wholly understood, and it seemed perfectly fair to me and to them. My respect for their moral judgment was never clouded by the doubts which made me feel more and more uncertain about the rest of the grown-up world.

My mother says she read stories aloud to me from a children's version of the Old Testament, but I cannot remember hearing them at all, which is curious, as other stories which were read to me made a most vivid impression. The Bible itself was quite unknown ground until I was ten and stumbled upon the Apocrypha in an old edition of the Bible printed with long s's and beautiful early type. I puzzled over it at first simply because of the quaint lettering and then became utterly fascinated by the stories themselves. They seemed as rich and

glowing as the mythology stories of the Gods and Goddesses, but it never occurred to me that the Lord God they spoke of could be the God that I had always heard about and said a prayer to. He had seemed too cold and remote to be brought into stories. The Lord God must be some especial person of olden times like Jupiter. I grew exceedingly fond of the Apocrypha, but it was not until I was twelve that I went on from it to the Bible; in fact, it was not until then that I knew there was any connection between the two.

I was taught to say a prayer, "The Prayer," I called it, and for years had no idea there could be any others. It was the utterly unchristian rhyme dear to so many people from childhood associations:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray to God my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray to God my soul to take."

So often it is the only religious food given to children, who either pay no attention to it or repeat it quite mechanically, with often no more impression of its meaning than the children in "Auton House," to whom it was

"Now a llama down to sleep,"

or else they wonder about it as I did and feel it as a nightly terror, for the prayer is most terrifying

in itself with its suggestion of a prowling Death always ready to pounce; and the God who seems only waiting to snatch a soul away from Death is not much more reassuring. So I quaked with fear as I said it, and if I forgot a word or coughed or sneezed in the midst of it I was panic-stricken, and for fear I had offended God would hastily apologize; and as I often had colds, my prayers were punctuated with, "I beg your pardon, God," or "I am very sorry, God, I tried not to cough," would be gasped out after I was purple in the face from trying to keep it back.

When I asked what my soul was I was told it was part of me that I could not see, and this puzzled me greatly, for I could see all the rest of me, even my back, and the top of my head I had managed to screw a view of in the duplex mirror. I wondered what my soul could be, until one day when I was taken to a museum and saw a skeleton I found the solution. Papa told me it was the inside framework of a man, the part of him that was left after he died. The Boned Man I called it at first, and then, when I heard there was one inside me, too, I knew of course, that must be the soul, the part I asked God to keep.

Before this I had thought of Death as a sort of purple-black ghost with long-reaching arms, like the huge shadows that waved across my ceiling

when the gas flickered in the wind at night. Often I have lain, almost paralyzed with terror, watching them with awful fascination until I could bear it no longer, and would shout that I wanted a drink of water; for as soon as some one came into the room the terror seemed to go and they were just ordinary shadows again. Sometimes I heard the far-off whistle of a train, and that, too, seemed to make the shadows normal at once. How I used to strain my ears for a train! At the farm where we boarded in the summer I slept in a "trundle-bed." During the day it was pushed under the big bed where Mamma slept, but at night it was pulled out, all nicely made up with the small pink-and-white patchwork quilt, the "pitty kilt," as my sister called it. After I had been tucked in and the lamp turned low I used to grab the sides of the large bed and pull the "trundle" back to the dark stuffiness under it, almost smothered, but happy because the ceiling with the Death shadows was shut away from me.

After I saw the skeleton, Death became even more awful, able to slip one's flesh off one's bones and leave the soul "naked and white." I had heard Lizzie apply those adjectives to the Soul, and they were certainly an accurate description of a skeleton.

I felt as I said The Prayer before going to bed,

that Death was more than likely to appear during the night—The Prayer gave no hint of his being able to come in the daytime—so each night I was careful, as soon as I had taken off my stockings —I kept them on while I said my prayers—to scramble into bed as quickly as possible in order to hide my bare feet under the bedclothes and so prevent Death's catching hold of them. I had gotten the idea that he could not lay hold of my skeleton through clothes but had to find a spot of bare skin to begin on, and if he once got hold of even a single toe I was sure one pull would be enough—out would come my bones, leaving my body turned inside out like an empty glove.

I was in a panic if I woke at night to find the bedclothes kicked off. I was sure it was the Imp who pulled them off and, as soon as I had bundled them over me again, would clutch my feet to see if the skinning process had begun. I never thought of my head and hands as bare skin; they belonged uncovered; and mercifully my long-sleeved, long-legged nightclothes left only the tips of my toes which could possibly get uncovered; though even the feeling of comparative safety this gave me never reconciled me to those awful canton flannel night drawers, like a boy's.

In the summer I often went barefoot. It was quite safe in the daytime, of course; but it hap-

pened several times when we were on picnics that the sun set before we got home, so I sat, tailor fashion, to cover up my feet, and, if I had to walk at all, ran instead, as if I were running on red-hot iron. And once I tied my feet up in handkerchiefs; but that was an especially terrible picnic in a dark, dank sort of cavern, called Purgatory, cut by a waterfall between narrow, dripping walls of rock. It was just the place for Death to lurk, and as the shadows lengthened, crawling their way from rock to rock, and it grew darker and darker and the waterfall muttered louder and louder, my teeth fairly chattered from chill and terror, while my feet turned a horrible purple, almost the color of Death's shadows, until I felt as if Death himself were getting inside me, as if I were turning into Death. Then I began to cry, but all I could say was: "My feet are so cold!" Death, I felt, could get me at once if I said I was afraid. So Papa gave me two handkerchiefs, and in them I swathed and knotted my feet, even having to walk on one knot, but the hurting of that seemed rapture.

I was less afraid of Death for myself than for my family. If he came for me I felt I should be able to cope with him in some way, but the others might be asleep or, without me to help them, might not know what to do. So each morning as soon as I was awake I ran into Mam-

ma's room, my heart in my mouth as I opened the door for fear I should find only skeletons lying there.

That prayer was the black terror of my childhood. Of course one word to my parents about it would have cleared up all my fears; but children never do tell about those things, and, besides that queer natural reserve, I knew it was the forbidden subject as it had to do with God. I felt if it was wrong for me to ask questions about it, it must be equally wrong to even speak of it. Then, again, I was sure it was like all the other things Una Mary felt—no one else could understand them. And it was not until I was eight years old that I knew other people had religions, too, so I never told any one about my religious theories until after I was grown up.

God, as I first remember thinking about Him at all, I rather took for granted and placed in some far-off world called Heaven, from which He occasionally looked over the rim of mountains that bounded Heaven on the Earth side to see what we were doing here below. Only the upper part of His head, from the bridge of His nose up, ever showed above the mountains. He was just forehead, eyes, and flowing white hair that mixed in with the clouds. My sister thought there was a Mrs. God who lived with Him in Heaven, but I

was doubtful about her. I was sure only of the Angels and Santa Claus as His companions.

I had seen pictures of Angels and there was always one on the Christmas tree, so I knew exactly how they looked, lovely little girls with golden curls and white wings growing out of the shoulders of their nightgowns. Two children I knew had died, and Lizzie said thay had gone to be Angels in Heaven. I could quite understand it must be true, as they had had curls of the right golden color and always wore real nightgowns like ladies.

One of my griefs about my own hated nightclothes, with legs instead of skirts, was that because of them and my short-cropped hair I knew if Death did succeed in catching me some night, whatever happened to little boys would have to be my fate, and I did so long to be a lovely Angel, flying around in the sky and eating nothing but the wonderful, airy sort of pudding my grandmother knew how to make, called Angel's Food. Once when I went to visit her, because Mamma was sick, I asked for it every day for dessert, thinking I would get all I could of it in this world, anyway. It was always made in a rabbit-shaped mould, and I poured cream over it from a pitcher that was shaped like a cow with its tail curled over its back for a handle.

The Angel idea had in it one element of comfort even for me, as it seemed to show that God wanted to keep and bury in the ground—I knew the dead were buried—only the inside part, the skeleton Soul, so perhaps the outside still belonged to the people themselves, and after the heavy soul had been slipped out, the body, now light as a soap-bubble, could sail off into the sky to stay with Santa Claus forever.

I wondered if all people had Una Mary selves inside them. If so, perhaps it was they who sailed off dressed in the outsides, for surely Una Mary had to go somewhere. She could not possibly ever end, and I did not much care what happened to Una. What puzzled me most was why God preferred to keep the ugly soul part. In His place, I should have taken the Angel outsides.

One day Lizzie told me about Cherubim-and-Seraphim. I thought it was all one magnificent word, Angels with many pairs of wings, and I wondered where the wings grew out and how they flew with so many. It was still one of the unsolved problems when Papa and Agnes took me to the circus. Then, as the circus ladies came out, balanced lightly, standing first on one foot then on the other, on the backs of snow-white horses, their stiff, spangled tulle skirts a glittering, snowy flutter around their hips, I cried out loud in excitement:

"Those must be the Cherubim-and-Seraphim. And they're real Angels, with wings all round their waists, and their nightgowns have legs just like mine, only tighter." And then, when they rose in the air and went lightly through the huge disks the clowns held up to stop them, dropping unerringly on the other side to the backs of their galloping steeds, that was flying, indeed, and they could go where they pleased, through anything.

When I see them now, the hard-featured, painted circus riders, I hope some of them have the compensation of knowing that to most children they are high Celestial Beings, for one miraculous day condescending to this earth. Much should be forgiven and endured for the sake of such high destiny.

One rider had a poodle who rode and jumped with her, so clearly there were both horses and dogs in Heaven, and, probably, all the other animals, too, and as I cared passionately for animals, Heaven from that day on became a much more desirable goal, a glorified Circus World, with all the glamour of the Christmas tree, combined with Angels, animals, and toys come to life. For that was what the clowns seemed to me, with their painted white faces—living rag dolls, full of humor and with the same habit of falling about in grotesque attitudes, then looking up with a stare of comic

surprise that was the charm of those comfortable, disjointed things, except these transcendent dolls had a taking-you-into-their-confidence sort of wink, which I have missed in rag dolls ever since. And all these glittering wonder people played the most marvellous games and did tricks that were simply amazing, and I loved the color and the splendid dresses.

With my style of nightclothes there seemed some hope of my becoming a Cherubim-and-Seraphim, so for months after the circus I took two pieces of string to bed with me, and each night after I was safely under the covers I rolled my night drawers tightly around each leg, like a furled umbrella, and tied them securely at the ankles, so in case Death succeeded in catching me my legs would be ready to float off like circus tights, and I was sure, from the feeling of my hip-bones, that incipient wings were there ready to burst out at once and surround me like one of those fans that looks like an ivory stick until you press a spring, when it instantly flies open, a lovely, pleated rosette of silk with the ivory stick for its handle—Mamma had a white one that she took to parties.

CHAPTER IV

CERTAIN GAPS IN MY INFORMATION

ONE afternoon when I was still so small he had to drag me in a toy express-wagon, my father took me to some deep woods. It is the first time I remember the country for itself, and the sense of the Enchanted Forest came to me then never to leave me, though never since have I seen woods as radiantly hushed and miraculous as those seemed, though for years I hunted for them.

It was like another life, that sudden plunge from the sunlit commonplace into the emerald, gold-flecked shadow and whispering silence, into its mystery, calm, and aloofness. I instantly felt singularly at home, as if I had come to a place I already knew, the place where Una Mary lived. I could almost understand what the birds twittered to say as they fluttered among the branches, and all the pungent odors compounded of damp earth, sun-steeped pine, and prodigal luxuriance had wafted over me in some dream life long ago.

What I afterward named My Country dates

from this afternoon in the woods, with the cool, green light sifting through the leaves, lighting the marvel-carpeted ground. It was the ground that fascinated me most that day: the pine-cones lying on the moss, the tiny ferns and flowers growing everywhere, all new and strange to me, for before I had seen only field and garden flowers. But what I remember best are the mushrooms. We found them in all shades of brown, yellow, and red, from velvet darks up to the most vivid orange scarlet. But most wonderful of all were the deep purple ones. Purple has always been to me the mystery color, the magician's color. All the mushrooms looked very wise and as if they could weave spells and incantations, but the purple ones were the Merlins of the wood.

My father was interested in studying mushrooms, and this must have been one of his collecting trips. He probably told me a great deal about them as they stand out so vividly in my mind. Always he was keen to have me care for nature as he did, both scientifically and for its beauty. He himself was by profession a scientist of the most rigid and exact type—a chemist. He was professor of chemistry in the Cincinnati University, but temperamentally he was a poet, and I think what most appealed to him in science was the tremendous swing its theories allowed to the

imagination. His was the mathematical side of chemistry, and where are there wider and bolder flights into the unknown and more careful ladders built to reach the moon than in the higher branches of mathematics?

He devoted himself to science not as a career, but embraced it as a cause, the great cause of Reason that had risen in those days when Darwin was still alive, a new Religion on the earth dethroning the systems of the past; and to it he dedicated all his powers, taking an active part, writing, and lecturing in the science-and-religion controversies.

I think the theory of evolution had a great deal to do with my own bringing up, was responsible really for religion's being carefully left out and a great deal of science given to me in its place. Natural history was taught me, not as miscellaneous names and detached facts, but cosmically, showing the growth, relationship, and interdependence of creatures and their environment. When I was a mere baby I knew men had had apes for ancestors, and I stuck to my belief in spite of the unbelief of all the other children.

I remember one little girl, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, was forbidden to play with me in consequence. She said her father said, "It was worse than hearing swear words," and, having

delivered this shaft, she stuck out her tongue and flounced off with great ostentation of virtue. I can see her still, in a blue gingham dress standing straight out around her knees and a hat wobbly with poppies.

I had a general idea of the different geological periods and the changes the earth had gone through; but, with all the rich variety of information which was given to me, there were strange gaps, important links taken for granted. For instance, it was not until I was in school that I heard for the first time in geography class that the earth turned around each day while the sun stood still. The obvious mistake was as great a shock to my intelligence as it had been to the contemporaries of Galileo, and I gravely assured the teacher it could not be true and, as a final argument, said my father had never told me so and he had taught me all about the earth. The smiling teacher told me to ask him about it when I got home, which I did. And when he, greatly surprised to find he had not already explained the matter, assured me it was true and told me about the other planets and their movements around the sun, I had one of my most terrible moments of readjustment.

The full force of the fact of the earth's movements and the whirling of the stars in their orbits took hold of my imagination, and for days I was

really giddy and seemed to feel the moving of this, my solid ground, grown suddenly as unreliable as a merry-go-round. I expected each moment to hear a crash as we bumped into some other star, and I was really afraid when I went up-stairs that I might be caught off into space by the attraction of the sun; and it was only after Papa had explained fully and illustrated by having me whirl around my head a pail full of water at the end of a string, and I saw how the water stayed in even when the pail was upside down, that I realized that in the very whirling of the earth lay my safety, that it was this which kept even the upside-down Chinese from flying off into space. This made me feel a little steadier on my feet and gave me the courage to try an experiment. I went into the back yard and, after carefully marking around each foot with chalk, jumped as high as I could to see if I came down again in exactly the same spot or if the earth slid under me a little while I was in the air. Convinced at last that my environment at least was stationary, I calmed down after what had been a week of most intense excitement.

My father and I were great companions, partly because we were very congenial and also because my mother was most of the time an invalid and all of her spare strength had to go to my sister, who was then so delicate that Lizzie said we could

never raise her. While Papa hoped he was training me to be a scientist, it was really my imagination and sense of beauty that were stimulated by his own unconscious enthusiasm; and he made me long, instead, to be a painter.

It is curious how often science and the arts run through families, cropping out in alternate generations. I have noticed it again and again in reading biographies, which would seem to prove that really they are of the same spirit, these two apparently opposed points of view, differing only in method and emphasis.

One great advantage of my training in natural history was that I learned not to be afraid of any sort of creature. For the other children, even the boys, the world was full of terrors. There were many insects, especially the praying-mantis and green beetles, which to them were "deadly pizen" even to touch, while I was on friendly terms with all insects and collected beetles for years. That it was cruel to collect them never even occurred to me; they died so quietly in my insect bottle. I was not interested in them scientifically, but purely for their color and the strange patterns on their backs. In the end they appealed to me tremendously, though I began to collect them for quite a different reason.

When I was nine years old I heard a story about

Darwin's boyhood which influenced me greatly. It was said that when he was nine years old a gypsy, in telling his fortune, told him if he collected beetles he was sure to become famous when he grew up. Papa, when I asked him, said Darwin had become one of the most famous men who ever lived, so it seemed to me, as I was the same age, a good plan to follow his example and collect beetles, too. Fame seemed wonderfully attractive. I felt it would be like being Una Mary, and the whole world would then see what I really was and no longer think I was merely what Una seemed.

In the natural history I learned, there was always a conspicuous gap. It was on the subject of birth. For with all the breadth of view Transcendental Boston had given my father and mother was blended their inheritance of the old Puritanical reticence on the origins of life. I was told absolutely nothing. It seemed like religion, for when I asked questions I was told it was something I could not understand, but that I should know when I grew up where kittens and babies came from. But when I was only six I had found out for myself, for that Easter Lizzie gave me an Easter egg with a small chicken inside it, and a rabbit so fully hatched that only half the shell was left, glued to his hind leg, and in it he sat up and begged like a dog. I already knew that chickens and birds

came from eggs, and the summer before had found some hatching turtles, so if rabbits came in the same way it was probable that everything else did and there must be babies' eggs somewhere. I kept my eyes open for one of their nests in the hope of finding a hatching boy I could take home for a brother.

Harry was given the stork-and-basket solution, which satisfied him completely, because, as he pointed out, babies always slept in baskets. But even this conclusive proof failed to convince me, as no one I knew had ever seen a stork in Cincinnati except at the Zoo, and surely the single sleepy, one-legged bird in the cage there was inadequate to carry all the baby creatures that arrived each day, and, besides, the baskets babies slept in had no handles for the stork to carry them by and might as plausibly be nests instead to hold the eggs.

The next year my second sister was born. For several days I had been visiting at Harry's, spending the nights there as well as the days, and one morning, just as we had succeeded in building a Chinese pagoda of cards eight stories high, Lizzie blew it all down by the draught she made hurrying into the room to tell me to come home because I had a new sister. I was furious at having the pagoda knocked down and much more concerned

over that than at having a sister. I took no interest in a sister—if it had been a brother it would have been different—but by the time my hat and coat had been put on, and my rubbers, which always stuck at the heel, everybody else seemed so pleased about her that I felt, perhaps, it would not be so bad, after all; anyway, she could be the Little Bear when we played the Three Bears.

Lizzie told me she was a very pretty baby, and when I saw her she really did look very cunning and her fascinating little fists had real tiny finger nails. Those finger nails won me completely, and I was her slave from that day on. I taught myself to knit in order to make a cap for her and practised making strange faces and noises with which to surprise her. She was always most appreciative of them, receiving them first with a blank stare and then a wild gurgle of delight. To her I was as comic as a circus clown, and my mere appearance made her dance and crow with expectation.

The day she was born, as soon as I had fully examined her I dashed down to the cellar to hunt in the ash barrel for the pieces of the shell from which she had hatched, for she looked so big I was sure it must be simply huge, even larger than the ostrich egg in Agnes's cabinet. But not a scrap of shell could I find, so I concluded it must have

been burned up in the open fire in Mamma's room in front of which the baby nest stood in which she had been hatched. It seemed quite natural that baby nests should be baskets trimmed with muslin and lace. Swallows' nests were most carefully woven of sticks almost like basketwork, and the birds always lined them with the softest, fluffiest things they could find, so, of course, human parents would make the nest to hold their babies as beautiful as possible.

A few days later, when Harry and I were playing at his house, in a closet we happened to open for hide-and-seek we found a brand-new baby nest all pink inside. Ours was blue. In a few weeks Harry, too, had a baby sister, and the strange old woman with false teeth and a black, frizzed bang, who was at our house when our baby came, was there to take care of her. I always saw her at every house where there was a new baby, so I supposed she must be the person who sold baby eggs to everybody. I only wished she had some way of telling beforehand whether they were going to hatch out as boys or girls.

CHAPTER V

MY COUNTRY

I CANNOT remember the time when Edward was not part of my inner life. He was a boy older than I. I think he must have been about ten years old and dressed in a dark-blue Norfolk-jacket suit with a red tie when I first created him. He had brown hair and a fascinating way of snapping his eyes when he laughed. I do not know whether he was some one I first saw and then took over to be Una Mary's invisible friend, whether he was pure invention, or a composite of various people I admired—I seem to detect traces of Richard about him. But in the beginning he was the sort of boy I have described and my perpetual companion in all my imaginary life. A cousin of mine, when she was a small child, had a friend she called The General who was always with her, invisible, of course, to every one else, but to her so real that she had to have a chair for him beside her wherever she was and a place set at table. Edward was as real to me as The General was to her, but as I

never spoke of him no one else ever knew about him, and I never felt he was near me when I was just Una. He was only there when I became Una Mary.

As I grew older he changed, growing less and less vivid in outward appearance, until he became a sort of detached personality with scarcely any outward form, a feeling rather than a mental vision, but quite distinct in his effect upon me from the memory of any real person I knew. He was more personal and much more intense. I loved him better than any one except my family, and he seemed to belong to me even more than they did, for he was wholly mine while they belonged to each other as well.

He was the one person who could at all counteract the influence of my Imp, for sometimes when the Imp was simply crushing me by telling me of my defects Edward would rush to the rescue and tell me not to listen, as the Imp was only talking about Una, who did not count at all, but that he, Edward, knew how lovely Una Mary was and she was the only part of me that really mattered. Often when the Imp had made me especially miserable, as he did one day when he pointed out to me that all the other baby carriages in the park had straw canopies over the babies' heads while the carriage our baby was in had nothing but a parasol

covered with muslin swinging over it, Edward told me to turn myself into Una Mary as quickly as possible, which I did, when everything at once had quite a different aspect. The parasol, instead of being a family disgrace, became a lovely flutter of light and filmy, broken shadows as exquisite as if a cloud had floated down to shade my sister's head, while the Imp shrank back into nothingness and in his place stood Edward, loving, as I did, the new-found beauty of the parasol.

Why he was named Edward I have forgotten. He simply always was Edward, and that was his only name until I was seven years old, when, for the first time, I heard of Christ. I liked the sound of the name for some reason, and the only other thing I heard besides the name was that he was an invisible person, so it seemed to me just possible, as Edward was also invisible, that they might be the same, and I renamed Edward, Edward-Christ.

It was during this period that he lost his Norfolk-jacket outward appearance and became a vague young man of about nineteen, his face being all I really saw of him.

He was a great friend of my various heroes from books and "Princes in Disguise," and it was he who presented them at my court where I was, of course, "The Princess Una Mary," throned in a Palace of Enchantment. It is with My Country

that Edward is most closely associated, the imaginary world where he and Una Mary lived, which began to form soon after the trip into the woods when Papa and I collected mushrooms. It grew from the impression the woods made upon me, combined with a pond where white water-lilies floated and a little brook I had seen in the country cascading over mossy rocks to silent pools where slender ferns trailed their delicate fingers in the clear water. It had, too, the glamour of a Christmas tree and the splendor of jewels and my Algerian sash, and there were castles perched on all the hilltops.

It was the land of magical beauty, high adventure, incredible courage, hair-breadth escapes, and romantic attachments expressed in magnificent speeches to Una Mary, who replied to them with gracious condescension; where Edward and I wore robes of samite and cloth of gold and in all our adventures had the luck of a Seventh Son; where revenge was sweet and dramatically swift—cross nurses were at once boiled alive in olive-oil from which they emerged unscathed at their first kind word of repentance; where all our wishes came true in a flash and we "lived upon strawberries, sugar, and cream" supplemented by Hermit cookies made after my grandmother's recipe and cut out with a rooster-shaped cutter—the land, in

other words, of my interior reality, the sum total of all my desires.

It was a place well suited to the romance of the set of chessmen that had been one of my mother's wedding presents—she herself had carved the board, with leaves all around the edge, on which she and Papa played chess. But the board always seemed too circumscribed, so it was mainly to provide another scene for their activities that I invented the rug part of My Country. The chessmen were really beautiful pieces made of ivory and finished with a lavish affection for detail which, to my mind, was proof of their artistic perfection. One could even tell whom the Queen was to marry by counting "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief" on the buttons of her cloak, and it always came out, as it naturally should, that the beggar man was to be her fate, though there was always the nervous moment when it might have been the thief.

The Kings, Queens, and Bishops had great dignity, and the Knights were full of suppressed dash, while the Castles were very solid and battlemented in a satisfactory way. My favorite dress had scallops on it just the shape of the battlements. The Pawns met the usual neglect of life as far as I was concerned and were only useful to kill off in battle.

I was allowed to play with these wonderful beings as a great treat when I had been very good or had a cold. How I welcomed colds, the sniffly kind, for which one did not have to go to bed but just stayed in the house sipping hot lemonade and being an invalid, not expected for those blissful days "to give up" anything because I was the oldest, and allowed to play to my heart's content with the chessmen on the rug in the parlor!

That rug had an important rôle in the early days of My Country. It was a Persian pattern of the bold blue and yellow palm-leaf and sprawling flower type, with much detail inside the large forms and endless touches of bright color, all so well proportioned that the effect of the whole was a rich, quiet blue in tone. I am glad it was a good carpet. With the Boston severity in clothes, my family also lived up to that other Boston ideal of having their household effects solid and good in line and materials.

When I think of that first house of ours, bare and serviceable, of necessity, furnished as it was from the salary of a professor in a small University, it is with real æsthetic pleasure that I recall it. My mother had the true genius for arrangement and the taste which rejected all that was ornate, badly proportioned, or poor in color. So, although she married at the height of the black-walnut

period, her few pieces of furniture were simple and really good. Black walnut in itself is a fine, honest sort of wood if treated fairly, and they still look well, those tables and chairs of Mamma's first housekeeping, combined though they now are with old mahogany. There is one chair in particular. It was designed by William Morris, an original "Morris Chair," and a really lovely thing it still seems. I used to sit for hours on one of its arms, my feet in the seat, looking off into space, making up stories about My Country.

The rug was, I think, the thing in the whole house that I liked best, and I chose different parts of its pattern for various adventures of the chessmen. One part was a place we had been to in the summer, Mount Vernon, N. H., because down the centre of a leaf on the rug there went a curving brown vein, broken by flowers in places, like the brook at Mount Vernon that ran disappearing and reappearing in the grass and daisies of the meadow behind the barn, where the elm-trees grew. I had caught trout and frogs on a bent pin in that brook, and I longed to have Edward and the chessmen know the thrill of safely jerking the flashes of wriggling silver to the bank.

A very yellow palm-leaf in one corner of the pattern was the Holy Land. I thought it was holey, full of holes. I had simply heard some one

speak of having been there the winter before, and the name sounded sunny and yellow, a cheerful sort of place, full of caves in the soft rock. I thought the whole country must look rather like Swiss cheese to deserve its name. The Holy Land was, of course, simply infested by robbers. The Forty Thieves lived there, each with a cave to himself, all in a row, and for some reason it was always there that we hid from pirates.

The outside border of the rug was the sea. I felt sure, of course, that the world was bounded by the sea and if you sailed to the edge the ship would fall off, so the chessmen were always careful not to go beyond the second stripe of the border outside. It used to remind me of Lizzie's favorite hymn. She always sang it when she was crocheting in the evenings. She crocheted the most remarkable tidies with animals on them. She did one for me with a cat on it that had a mysterious hole for an eye, and in spite of there being no stitch there it never unravelled, quite unlike my own crocheting. As she sang I thought she said: "God, the sailor, tossing on the deep blue sea." So I thought of God as taking summer vacations from Heaven and going, as many of our friends did, to the seashore, where He went sailing all day long. I always pictured Him on a sloop, standing leaning against the mast, dressed, of course, in a

white sailor suit with a dark-blue collar and with anchors embroidered on his sleeves. I had a sailor doll that was dressed so. I liked to think of Him there instead of always up in Heaven and grew very fond of "God, the sailor." He seemed so much nearer to me than God in Heaven.

The stem of one flower was the Charles River, where I had found the turtle eggs, and another was The Amazon. Always that name has fascinated me, The Amazon, and I feel sure the river itself is a tawny orange zigzag with huge, many-colored leaves and flowers growing out of it at unexpected angles. It was like that on the rug, and I chose that particular stem to be The Amazon because its color was like the sound of the word. There was another reason besides the fascination of the name itself which later made me include it in the geography of My Country, and that was because Brazil was my only association with Royalty.

A cousin of the Emperor Dom Pedro was a student of my father's at the University and used to come to our house. Once the Emperor himself had come to Cincinnati and Papa had talked to him. It used to be my favorite boast that my father had talked to an Emperor, until I met the Johnsons, whose father was in the Diplomatic Service, and George quite took the wind out of my sails by telling me he had once sneezed as he was kissing the hand of an Empress.

This cousin of Dom Pedro's—I have quite forgotten his name—one day gave me a bottle of cologne. So I thought of Royalty as bathing daily in perfumes, and The Amazon, I was sure, smelled like cologne. In fact, I had a strong suspicion that my bottle was simply filled with water dipped from the river itself, and when I led my chessmen down The Amazon in search of "adventures in the jungle" I used, as long as the bottle lasted, to sprinkle a few drops on my handkerchief and, as I luxuriously sniffed it, felt we were breathing the native air of the country. No river of Lethe, no spring of Perpetual Youth could be as sweet as my "Waters of The Amazon." One whiff of cologne to this day, of the Johann Maria Farina variety, brings back the old rug in the parlor at home, and I am Una Mary, who looks to the world like Una, floating on a magic bark down the waters of the river of enchantment.

It may have been because of the scarcity of ladies in the chess world or because I played so entirely with boys—my sisters were too small to be companions then; in any case, there were very few women in My Country and in the games I played there. I, as Una Mary, was, of course, the heroine, usually in a totally masculine environment.

By the time I was seven years old My Country was a place quite in itself, wholly imaginary and

no longer connected with Rug Geography, except that I kept The Amazon. The largest part of this, which was properly My Country, was the Enchanted Forest, enchanted with a spell of magic beauty that no great poet has even been able to approach, though I think Spenser had the vision, too, and in his dreams at least knew what it was like. I was named for the Una in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," so I read and loved him from an early age. In Grimm's "Fairy Tales," too, there is here and there the true forest touch. I have never seen real woods as beautiful as these imaginary ones of mine, though in a sun-flecked, fern-grown glade, with a spring bubbling in its centre, I have occasionally caught my breath, thinking I had come upon it at last, and once at twilight in an old English forest of beech-trees, their trunks deep in harebells and tiny vines of small-leaved ivy, in the rich, many-patterned shade of its silence, I felt the familiar thrill of my own Forest of Enchantment.

My Forest, where springs crystal-clear bubbled from beds of moss and frolicked through open glades, where the white stag grazed, where there were dark pools of mysterious black water in which the tall trees were reflected darkly as in a Claude Lorrain glass, and where between the trunks of the trees now and then were glimpses of shining, lily-covered ponds laughing in the sun-

light; and in the Forest rode armed Knights, their steeds "richly caparisoned," and ladies in silken kirtles. Una Mary was dressed in green velvet and was always mounted on a snow-white palfrey, and Edward had a deep-blue velvet mantle that he wore flung carelessly over his armor. It made a superb bit of color as he rode in the sun and shadow of the path before me, its beauty enhanced because it was startlingly like an opera-cloak I had seen the Wonder Lady wear. All was splendor and happiness in that hushed Forest, and, best of all to me, the Imp was never there. It was all sacred from his carping eye.

On the boundary of the Forest to the West was "Over Seas," a mixed tropical island of the Robinson Crusoe type, plus all the wild animals in the Zoo, with lotus and all the gorgeous flowering trees I had seen pictures of and swamps full of crocodiles and boa-constrictors. I barred out cannibals after trying them for a time. They seemed uncomfortable to have about, as there were only the people I created for them to eat and they might even catch Una Mary or Edward. I longed to have them eat up the Imp, but it did not seem safe to put him in My Country even to be eaten. He might escape and be there forever afterward.

Over Seas I really made up from a sense of duty, for I had heard "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss

Family Robinson" read aloud and had been a good deal bored by them, but Mamma had said I ought to like them as they were very famous books. So I made up Over Seas to see if I could get acclimated and really like the Robinson Crusoe world, but it never became a great favorite of mine. It rather offended my taste and was too unromantic.

I usually lived, when in My Country, not in one of my castles—I only held audiences or tournaments in them—but in the Castle Tree, a huge, spreading maple that grew in the pasture of the farm where we spent our summers. It could only be climbed by swinging up on one of the branches which I could barely reach by jumping from the ground and then pulling myself up like chinning a bar and crawling along to the main trunk. Here I lived in great state, and, whether I was climbing the real tree or only sitting in imagination among its branches, it was always my Castle, my inmost retreat from all the troubles and tribulations of this world.

The very tip-top of the tree was my watch-tower, from which I could look off "Over hill and dale," like Sister Anne and other congenial spirits, and incidentally see what was going on in all parts of the farm, ready at any moment to stop being the Princess Una Mary and scramble down to be Una, riding on a hay load or driving the ducks out

of the vegetable garden. There was a small crotch just strong enough to hold me, and there, up above the leaves, swaying with every breeze, I used to sit for hours, reading. I read the whole of "Ivanhoe" and the "Last of the Mohicans" as I sat perched up there, and there, too, I fell hopelessly in love with successive superhuman heroes from Miss Young.

Whenever I was hungry I could let down a basket on a string to be filled with apples or doughnuts by the other children, to whom it was just an ordinary tree. They were all too heavy to climb to the watch-tower and used to play among the lower branches where we had fixed a box to hold the provisions the farmer's wife kept us supplied with, her theory being that "growing things couldn't have too much to eat." Whether they were calves or humans, the same rule held and we absolutely agreed with her.

There were several very pliable low branches and these were our horses, and on them we solemnly sat, the boys astride, but I always sideways, like a lady, and teetered up and down a good deal like "Going to Banbury Cross," though to our imaginations we were leading Crusaders to the Holy Land or jousting in a tourney. Castles, it seemed to me, should always be leaf-green and sun-gilt with staircases of rough, purple-gray bark.

I had a veil of magic that I was early obliged to invent. It was a sort of atmosphere I had the power of throwing round anything I pleased and so transforming it at once to part of My Country—it was because of the veil that only I knew the maple tree was a Castle—and very queer were some of the things included under its spell, for even my catholic tastes felt that Pat, the coachman next door, to whom I was devoted, needed many thicknesses of magic before he quite belonged with my Knights and Ladies and with the Wonder Lady, who scarcely needed any veil at all as she was a real born Countess in Germany.

A range of mountains formed the northern boundary of My Country and behind these View lived. One summer I was much puzzled, as a group of people sat on the hillside watching the sun set behind the distant White Mountains, by what they meant when they said the View was magnificent. I could only see perfectly familiar and normal arrangements of land and sky, but with that always-haunting wonder as to what lay behind the mountains. I wondered if that could be what they called View, and perhaps, as they were grown people, all taller than I, they could see over the mountains and catch sight of what I missed. So I climbed a tree, where I was lifted high above the heads of them all, and still I could not see beyond

or catch a glimpse of View. I was sure that must be the name of the strange something I felt, The Wonderful Presence in what I saw before me. I thought it probably looked, if one could see it, like the stick Mamma had with the carving of the head of the Old Man of the Mountains, the stick that had been one of my favorite toys since I was a baby, which had been in turn, according to the exigencies of the occasion, a doll, an Indian's club, and the sceptre of the Princess Una Mary, but which had always had for me an uncanny, powerful quality in itself which made me treat it most respectfully. The great stone face that it represented was, I knew, somewhere in the mountains, vast, rugged, and unapproachable. Was that, if one could find it, the actual person of View or only a larger carving, a mountain-sized statue to represent him? I thought it must be a statue, for surely that haunting quality I felt could no more be confined to one embodiment than Power, intangible, all-pervading Power, could be imprisoned in one form and place.

That same summer I watched the cloud shadows float over the country, and though it was explained to me that they were shadows cast by the clouds, I was sure it must be a mistake, for how could anything in the sky cast shadows? One had to be on the earth for that. So it seemed to me these shadows must be the shadows of invisible beings, and

when they came to me from over the peaks of mountains I felt they were cast by View, and in the awe of their passing over me I caught my breath as the dark coolness slipped under my feet and then enveloped everything about me, and I almost felt that through it I could see View Himself. He became the central mystery and Unknown Spirit of My Country, the magic Over King of it all, and always I thought of him as View until I was eleven years old, when suddenly I was sure he must be really God. Still, I feel God is nearer to me in the mountains than in any other place. I, too, "Lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

Each night I was anxious to hurry into bed, for as soon as the lights were out and I was alone was the time of all others when I could go to My Country, and the dark, shutting out the familiar world, served as a magic curtain on which to throw the shifting scenes of my dramas, most varied and wonderful dramas, going on, continued from night to night, until I drifted off into half dreams, when all became yet more vivid; and sometimes I had "My Dream," as I called it, the dream I have had at intervals all my life, and went to The Land of Little People—a place only to be found and visited in dreams. I still go there occasionally, when I stumble on its entrance, a huge tin kitchen funnel hidden behind a thicket of young birch trees on

the edge of the Forest. I can never find it when I hunt; it can only be found by accident.

I push through a thicket that is just like any other thicket, and there it is, a shallow, yawning trumpet of tin painted inside with alternate rings of green and pink. I step inside, and as I go toward the neck at the other end, far off, as small as if seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass, I see the Land bathed in sunlight, with strange little people walking about, their shadows around their feet like neat, dark mats spread for them to stand on, giving the effect of tiny statues on ebony stands, foreshortened as they would seem if looked at from the ceiling of a room. I see thoroughly only the tops of their heads, on which they wear flat, round hats like the ones Chinese coolies wear at work in the rice-fields. I wonder if the first suggestion came from being told that if I dug a hole in the ground, straight through the earth, I would come out at China?

Harry and I once spent two whole days digging a hole in the old quarries near us. We selected a place where a rock had been blasted out, so there was quite a deep hole to start with, and even after two whole days of digging China still seemed a long way off. So I asked Papa how long it would take us to get through, and when he said we should have to go through the centre of the earth first,

where everything was a mass of molten fire, we decided to stop digging at once and felt we had had rather a narrow escape, for the very next lunge of the spade might have broken through the cool crust and let the melted rock boil out over us.

I never get through the funnel down into the Land itself. I begin to slide faster and faster down the smooth tin sides toward the neck. The little people look up and see me coming, which makes them at once tumble off their shadows and lie about like a spilled box of tin soldiers, and then with an awful jump I wake up, saying, "Little People, keep your heads," which wakes me thoroughly and I know I have been once more to The Land of Little People.

Whenever I had a bad day, because I was ill or in disgrace, I consoled myself with the thought that it did not really matter as the Una in the ordinary world was not the real Una at all, that I only really lived as Una Mary, in My Country, so I had merely to endure until night, when, as soon as I was in bed, a little door in my chest seemed to open and out came Una Mary and my real life began.

I made myself a gold paper crown to wear in bed, for I did want to make even Una look worthy of these marvellous night adventures; but the paper tore to bits before morning, so in its place I

painted points of gold on a black ribbon, the point in front ending in a star. This I used to wear all night, tied so it hid my two tight pigtails of hair that were fastened with dreadful rubber bands.

Una Mary always came very quickly, and her adventures were especially exciting when the wind blew at night. When I was twelve years old I wrote this poem about her:

"The far-off wind is calling me.
Una Mary, shake yourself free,
Tuck up your skirts and run away
To the Land where the story people play.

"Call to Edward to come with you
Where clouds are floating in skies of blue,
Where clothes are made of velvet and gold,
And Knights are noble, gentle, and bold.

"We'll run away from the outside Me,
And from the Imp be wholly free.
My flowing hair in ringlets dressed,
We'll only do what we like best."

CHAPTER VI

FROM ARCTURUS TO MINERVA

IN Harry's house there was an attic dimly lighted by a skylight and one dormer-window where on rainy days we were allowed to play. It had dark corners for hide-and-seek; there were robber dens behind trunks, railway trains to be made from the chairs banished because of broken cane seats, and, best of all, clothes for dressing up—whatever we did, set to the music of pattering drops thudding on the roof and splashing on the skylight. To this day rain on a roof directly over my head has a dusty smell tinctured with the leather of old trunks.

In one of these trunks we found some maps and a Chart of the Heavens with the constellations drawn out as elaborate pictures in outline on a pale-blue ground. We called it The Sky Map and used to pore over it for hours, making up stories about the people and animals with the strange, long names. In answer to our questions about them, Mamma began to read us stories from Greek

Mythology. These had a great influence upon me religiously and gave the stars a most dramatic and personal interest added to their firefly sort of beauty.

I had rarely seen them, the real stars, as I went to bed before they were fairly out; but they had flashed at me through the blown curtains of my room, and when we went away for the summer I used to see them from my berth. We always took a night train, and there they were, travelling quietly along with us above the flying country, serene and silent spirits robbing night of all its terrors—even Death must shrink back abashed under their clear gaze. So I felt Death could only catch us in stuffy, dark rooms, and if we might lie every night under the steadfast stars Death would vanish and we should become immortal as the Gods.

There was one especially brilliant star that shone above the railroad station as the train pulled out. It was the first star I ever saw. We had driven down to the station and gotten on board the train while it was still light. I recall it all most vividly, as it is the first time I remember travelling, and when I was put to bed I was far too excited by the fascinations of my berth, with its curtains, its mirror, and the little hammock for my clothes, to think of going to sleep, and as soon as the train

started I peeped behind the edge of the curtain at the moving station. Then when we got outside I saw a bright light in the sky. At first I thought it was a lamp on a tall pole, but while the rest of everywhere was rushing from me this light stayed perfectly still, always in the same place, directly opposite my window, and it gave me such a queer feeling to see it there that I called to Papa, who had explained before we started that everything would look as if it was rushing past us, and asked him what he thought this one stationary light could be. Was it, somehow, part of our train? He told me it was a star and that the sky each night was full of many stars that came out like fairies after it was dark, and soon he pointed out others. Faster and faster they came until the whole space of blue-black sky opposite my window sparkled with them, as thick as the spangles on Agnes's gauze party dress.

But of all those I could see, the star I had seen first was the largest and brightest. Papa said the stars all had names like people and that that star was called Arcturus. Each year as the train started I watched for it, and there it was, above the station. I took it for Una Mary's star and used to talk and really pray to it, though I did not know that anything except "Now I lay me" could be praying.

Arcturus was the first thing I consciously worshipped, and I even used to brave the fear of Death when I woke up at night and crept from my bed to the window, managing, however, to pull down enough slack of my nightclothes to crawl on and so keep my feet covered. Crouching by the sill, I would find the unmistakable group of stars that made the Great Dipper and then, as Papa had shown me, trace from the two stars at the end of the handle to the largest star they pointed toward, Arcturus, My Star. It seemed to look down on earth just to smile at me and listen to me when I talked to it.

It was of the greatest help to me when I wondered whether or not I was real. During those strange moments when I felt as remote from the world of sense as if I were a ghost looking on at the life of earth Arcturus steadied me. I was sure the stars were real, and with that fact to stand on I could build up some sort of solid theory of existence. What sort of theory I never found out, for the feeling of unreality passed as suddenly as it came and the objects around me became so concrete and tangible that I knew that I was Una in the world of every day.

The first time I had the unreal feeling I was playing house with my sister under the dining-room table when suddenly I gasped as I wondered

which of us was real, my sister, the dining-room table, or I. At first I felt sure it must be I, and the rest of the world with all the things and people in it dreams of mine—dreams of Una Mary's—and then came the horrible thought that perhaps it was the other way round: perhaps I was just a dream myself while all the rest were real. Or were we all only dreams, and, if so, whose dreams were we? For there must be some one real somewhere to dream us into seeming, just as Edward, the Imp, and all the dramas of My Country were waking dreams of mine.

As the stars were the only things I was sure about—I knew they were really there in the sky—it might be that we were dreams of theirs, and, if so, I knew I was a dream of Arcturus. This took away the lost feeling that had been the horror of thinking I might not be real, and I used to pray each night to Arcturus to make me a happy dream and make my life what I would make it if I were always Una Mary.

To carry on our interest in Greek Mythology after we had been told the stories of the constellations, Mamma that winter read to us "Hawthorne's Wonder Book," and "The Tanglewood Tales," supplemented by Bulfinch's "Tales from Mythology" as a sort of "Who's Who" of the Olympic World. Over and over we insisted upon

having them read, and for two years Harry and I revelled in an atmosphere of Gods and Goddesses, and all the games we played together were made up about them. It was Una who played the Mythology games but Una Mary to whom parts of Mythology became religion.

My favorite game was Europa and the Bull. Of course it could only be played in summer, and then under many difficulties. As there was no bull, a reluctant cow had to take his place. I used to make long wreaths of leaves and wild flowers and put them around the neck of the cow I had selected and then catch her by the tail, and when she rushed frantically forward, kicking and plunging to shake me off, on I hung, dragged over bushes and rocks, bumping about like a tin can tied to a cat's tail, waiting until I was yanked up to some really good-sized stone, when, using it as a mounting-block, I would give a wild leap and often succeeded in swinging myself to the back of the astonished and outraged cow, and there I stuck, lying flat on my face and holding on by her horns until finally she managed to buck me off over her head. The bliss of those mad rushes about the fortunately secluded pasture, my face pressed into the daisy chains around the poor beast's neck, the wind fairly whistling in my ears! The smell of a daisy brings it all back to this day.

One cow, but only one, succeeded in tossing me on her horns, and then it was only a mild toss; but often the greatest excitement of all came after I had been thrown off and had to roll as fast as I could behind rocks or trees to escape being gored or trampled in the stampede of the whole frantic herd. Being Europa was really magnificent!

Once I tried driving a chariot in the pasture instead. I was the chariot with a pair of calves for my galloping steeds. They were fair-sized ones and pulled so hard I was afraid they would get away, so I tied the ends of their ropes around my waist, and then, as the calves suddenly dashed off in opposite directions, I flew about like a jumping-jack and was only rescued by a convulsed hired man when I was almost cut in two. I never played chariots again. I could cope with cows, but for calves I had a wholesome respect.

Harry was crazy to fly. He had always wanted to and often had flying dreams at night, and when he heard the story of Icarus he was fired with the ambition to really try. We made a pair of wings as tall as he was, cut out of cardboard, fastened together with glue, so overcoming the weakness in the ones Icarus had used, for glue could not melt in the sun as his wax had done, and there seemed nothing to prevent the flight from being a great success; but, to be absolutely on the safe side, we

waited for a cloudy day—not raining, that would have melted the glue, just overcast. I tied the wings securely to each of Harry's arms. Then he climbed on to the sill of a second-story window and jumped out with his arms spread as if he were swimming. But, to my horror, instead of floating in the air, soaring gradually up over the housetops, straight as a stone he fell—crash!—through a grape arbor to the ground below, where he lay, fortunately unhurt, but crying bitterly for his lost illusions.

It was a long time before he cared for Mythology games after that—he said, "They just take a fellow in"—but his faith was a little revived by finding that the story of Clytie was true. It had fascinated us botanically, this story of a lady who was so in love with Apollo that she turned her head all day long in order to watch him when he drove the chariot of the sun until she pined away with love and longing and was changed to a sunflower, and still, so the story said, turned each day to face the sun. To test the story we went to spend the day with Lizzie, who was now married and, we knew, had sunflowers in her yard. We picked out the largest one as most likely to be Clytie, and all day long, between games, we watched her, measuring her course by holding up a pencil as my grandmother did when she sketched, and by afternoon

she had turned completely round. So that story, at any rate, was true.

It was a wonderful thing to live for two years with and as those radiant Olympic Beings. We talked about them continually to our families and to Agnes. The other children were bored by them and preferred to play as moderns. Agnes was a great help as she was wonderful at draping tunics of towels and sheets and could make laurel wreaths out of maple leaves fastened together by their own stems, and Papa each spring made us Pan's Pipes from willow twigs.

One side of Mythology I never talked about, however, even to Harry or Agnes, because it belonged wholly to Una Mary. She had appropriated it in the very beginning. That was the religious side, and it became part of the very fibre of my inner life, more precious even than Edward or My Country, and the thing my Imp hated most. He particularly objected to all my religions.

When I heard of Sacred Trees inhabited by Immortals, who were their inner spirits, I knew at once that the great apple-tree in our yard, gnarled, knotted, and too old to bear fruit, with broad, mothering seats next its trunk, must be one of these sacred and spirit-haunted trees. Its bark, when I rested my cheek against it, had almost told me secrets, and I knew that it loved me. I knew we

understood each other. Una Mary and its spirit were akin. So I transferred my worship from Arcturus to the apple-tree, quite as wonderful and magical-looking as if it had been an olive or an ilex tree. It seemed much nearer and more intimate than the stars, which now began to lose their individuality, for my new knowledge of the movement of the earth had robbed the stars of personal being. If they were not hovering and circling around us, trying to reach us with their love and sympathy but were merely motionless, far-off suns for other worlds, how could they be beings worthy of my worship and my love? Even Arcturus could be no longer a Celestial Person. I thought of them as holes instead, pricked through the blue cover of this world, letting in the light of the world beyond, air-holes for the earth letting the wind from far away blow through, and peep-holes for the all-seeing Gods.

It was wonderful to be able to touch my Sacred Tree and whisper, as it were, into its very ear through a huge knot-hole hollowed far into the heart of the tree. It was at this same hole that I used to listen for messages and omens, but all I ever heard was the rustling of the branches, murmuring with half-articulate tongues sounds I almost understood.

It was the year of the Great Comet, and one day

Harry was allowed to spend the night at our house in order to get up at midnight and see it. After we had been asleep for hours Mamma wakened us and, wrapped in shawls, we stood on the balcony, and there arching the whole sky, as large as the Milky Way, as I remember it, was the tail of the comet spreading like the feathers of a peacock from the star at its head. I always think of it as a fiery peacock with closed tail trailing across the sky. It gave so much light that I could see My Tree distinctly at the far end of the yard, and the comet was arched directly above it as if the whole sky had become a halo, so transfiguring it that the Tree seemed to rise a few feet into the air. The whole experience was stupendous, as real and deep to me as any vision of the Saints. It proved that Una Mary had been right. My Tree was of the sacred ones. The whole sky proclaimed it with trumpetings of light and flame.

The next morning I went, as I did each day while my garden was in bloom, to lay flowers at the foot of My Tree. They were morning-glories, magical four-o'clocks, and a yellow-flowered vine named money, but which I called Midas-touch instead, and lying on the grass under the Tree I found a bunch of fine-spun gold. That it should have blown there on that particular morning was one of those positively unearthly coincidences.

But there it was, a tangle of gleaming golden threads vibrating with light as it lay on the dark-green moss, and I grew cold with excitement as I realized that the Comet had dropped a piece of its tail at the foot of My Tree, a great miracle and sign of endless portent. I felt myself in the presence of the Gods in very deed. I did not dare touch the shining thing for fear it would vanish like the dewdrops on a cobweb, so I rushed into the house and called the family to come and see!

I have never gotten over the agony of disappointment that crushed me as they all burst out laughing when I showed it to them, saying it was a piece of the Comet's tail, and as they laughed they told me it was only a bit of tinsel from some old Christmas tree. My disappointment was not because it was not part of the Comet—that belief was unshaken; I knew I was right—but because they could not see it as I did and understand. It seemed a reversal of the story of "The Emperor's Clothes." To them it was only tinsel, but I saw it as it really was—the texture of light and the sky itself. My faith triumphed over all the facts they tried to prove to me. Even when they showed me a piece of tinsel from our own box of Christmas decorations and I saw that the two were exactly alike, my senses only admitted it. My soul still

knew the Comet had sent me a sign and a message and had blessed My Tree.

Perhaps it had power to do so only with earthly tinsel, and perhaps all tinsel came from comets in the beginning. I had seen meteorites and knew they were fallen fragments of stars, certainly much transformed when they reached the earth. My father had told me the Comet's tail was made of light, but so was a star; so possibly a comet could become solid and fall to the ground without losing any of its light and loveliness, could drift down as softly as a snowflake in wisps of filmy gold.

After the family had gone into the house, still laughing, I took the celestial piece of tinsel, put it in a box that I had lined with lace paper from the edge of the pantry shelves, and buried it at the foot of the Sacred Tree, a miraculous relic, and on the ground above it I always afterward laid my offering of flowers. Surely those threads of gold held a message for Una Mary, and she showed her deeper insight by clinging to the awe that had gripped her soul.

After a time the Tree-worship failed to satisfy me. I needed something even more personal, more human. The spirit within the Tree was too remote, too cautious about revealing himself. After watching for a year I had never caught a glimpse of him and he had not once spoken a single word

that I could understand. I did not lose faith in his being there. How could I when the whole flaming sky had confirmed the instinct that had led Una Mary to his worship? What I really lost faith in was myself. He could not reveal himself to me, because, evidently, I lacked the power to hear oracles.

The Greek stories with their immortal Gods and Goddesses were a great consolation to me, for these gay and genial, though at times hasty-tempered, beings were of the sort that I could understand. They were naturally of Una Mary's world, and as they sometimes conferred immortality on the human worshippers who won their favor, who could tell, if I devoted myself wholly to one of them, whether Una Mary might not become immortal? Not Una, I preferred to have her die; but as Una Mary I should love to live forever on Olympus, or, if not worthy of such a high destiny, to be turned into a flower or a star was almost all that one could wish.

How I loved the narcissus! and when we had one growing in a flower-pot I used to hold a hand mirror so that he could look down and still see his loveliness reflected and fall in love with his own image all over again as he had done when he gazed in the fatal spring. To become a flower, even if one were turned into it as a punishment, was much better

than believing one's bones skinned out by Death. So Death retreated into the far distance and even the shadows on the ceiling lost their terrors. God I still accepted, but as I now thought of Him He was not concerned with the fate of men. All that had to do with us He had turned over to the Gods. He was the first cause, the far-off Being who had made the Gods.

In the hope of winning immortality for Una Mary I decided to worship Minerva. She has since seemed so austere and forbidding that I am surprised I picked her out. Venus was out of the question because she had no arms (there was a statue of her on the mantelpiece in Mamma's room), but either Juno or Diana would have seemed a more natural choice. I think she was dear to me because of her masculine traits, as I felt I myself —that is, Una—was a boy-girl, so she, the man-woman, was appropriately my chosen Goddess. I may also have been influenced by my silver knife, fork, and spoon, my own, the ones I always used, given to me when I was a baby, with handles that ended in medallions that were decorated with heads of Minerva; and our pepper-pots were made in the shape of her owls, making meals, when I remembered to think about it, rather sacramental affairs.

I built an altar to her in the far corner of the back yard where the fence touched an adjoining

house. Between ceremonies I carefully concealed it under sticks and leaves, though it would have conveyed nothing even to the most curious if left in full view, as outwardly it was merely a pile of scraps of broken china and glass, the most gayly colored I could find. I deliberately broke a red vase of Mamma's to get the pieces from the ash barrel, as red was the color my altar lacked.

On top of this pile during ceremonies I used to put a real quartz crystal I had begged from Papa and always carried about between times in my pocket. It was one of those crystals, perfect on all sides, that are found loose inside of geodes.

The whole service to Minerva consisted, after I had arranged the crystal on the altar, in lying flat on my stomach on the grass in front of it, watching the light shine through the various angles and planes of the crystal. In their perfect precision and the cold clearness of the quartz I felt the personality of Minerva and seemed to be almost in her presence. Una Mary always had a sure instinct for resemblances in the selection of her symbols.

Whenever I had any candy—we were only allowed crystals of sugar on a string or colt's-foot rock, provided on the slightest suspicion of a cold by Harry's grandmother—I always saved a piece to put on the altar, and there I religiously left it

to be melted away by the rain. Once and once only I succumbed to temptation and took a suck, licking it smooth again so Minerva would never know; but my conscience never let me do it again and my Imp, who seemed intimately related to my conscience never allowed me to forget about it.

I really loved Minerva, symbolized in the crystal, and used to pour out all of my troubles before her; above all, my grief at not looking and seeming Una Mary to all the world. That most secret grief I felt she could understand. Minerva herself must have often had the same feeling—my dreadful party feeling—when she moved among the other Goddesses on Olympus.

During the firefly season my religious paraphernalia was greatly enriched by small paper boxes, the only thing I had learned to make at kindergarten, in which I put live fireflies and ranged them in front of the altar, that with their light they might serve as Vestal Virgins. There was a large and serious toad who used to come out in the spring and often join me at the services. I had a great respect for him and felt he must be deeply religious, though since then I have suspected him of designs upon the Vestal Virgins, who used mysteriously to disappear.

CHAPTER VII

THE UNKNOWN POWER

FROM some old quarries near us, the quarries where Harry and I had tried to dig through to China, one could look over the city below and across the Ohio River to Kentucky, rolling off in blue undulations to the horizon. This blue haze of distance was to me the blue-grass from which the State got its name, almost as blue as the sky, only darker, it seemed.

I loved the thought that I could see another State, and once when Harry and I were taken across the river and actually set foot on its soil, I felt I had really travelled, much more so than when we went East for the summer. The two nights and a day that it then took to reach Boston by train blurred the impression of change of State, while here it was immediate—just driving in a carriage like any other drive—yet we had come to a new State with a different Governor.

Governors and politics in general were of real importance to me, because of the interest taken in them by Pat, my coachman friend. I used to sit

on a bucket and watch him, in high rubber boots up to his hips, as he washed carriages with a hose. I admired him greatly, though at the same time I was sorry he had to wash carriages for the Browns without the final e. We had some cousins who had the e, so I knew how important it was. As he worked he regaled me with his political views.

Pat was a Democrat, I think. I remember he convinced me, as he gesticulated with his hose, that "Grover Cleveland wuz the finest man this country iver produced." He gave me, too, a great deal of the history of politics, so full of details that the names of the various parties and men were jumbled in my mind with sayings about "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and log cabins on wheels that were dragged in the torchlight processions because the backbone of the country and most of the Presidents were born in log cabins. I felt keenly the fact that Papa had been born in a brick house and so was barred forever from becoming President.

The last year I knew Pat, the ominous word "Mugwumps" had begun to be used. He liked it, but often other men growled it out in such a venomous way that I got the impression that it must be some sort of snake that stung people and changed them completely, so my horror was great when I heard that Papa, after "sitting on the fence," had become one. But it did not change

him at all, which cheered me so that I began to wonder if my other terror could be as bad as I had thought. I hoped not, for it was one of Una Mary's horrors at night—the Ku-Klux-Klan. You just whispered the word to yourself and shuddered. I could always make Harry turn pale by murmuring it into his ears. Pat described them fully, white-masked Riders who rode at night and killed people or tied them to trees and beat them, and the police thought they were all in prison and so did nothing about catching them. White Caps was another name for them, but that sounded too cheerful. Ku-Klux-Klan was the word that expressed them. Ku-Klux sounded so like some awful stealthy thing coming up behind you, and then at the Klan it clutched, and if you happened to be Harry when I said the word to him, by the time I reached Klan you had ducked under the bed.

The most important thing in Politics as I imbibed it from Pat seemed to be roosters. People wore them as badges, and Pat himself even had a whole stuffed one that he had worn perched on top of his hat when he drove the horses that dragged the log cabin in the torchlight procession. I was sure the Governor and President in some way needed the help of roosters in governing, and I always thought of them with crowing cocks perched on the arms of their official chairs.

On the eventful day when we went to Kentucky I found in the garden of the house where we lunched a queer, lumpy, crimson flower that I had never seen before, and when I heard its name, cockscomb, I was convinced it must later grow out a whole rooster, like the Mythology story of the warriors who sprang up in the field where the dragon's teeth were sown, coming out of the ground head first, a little at a time. This plant, when I saw it, had only gotten as far as the comb. My theories of birth were a little upset by it, as I wondered if there were human plants, too; but on the whole I decided in favor of the egg theory, as the stems of plants seemed too weak even to hold up a puppy. I watched the rooster plant for some time in the hope that at least an eye might grow out while I watched, but it grew too slowly and looked exactly the same all the time I was there. I studied it with great reverence as the parent of all true Politics and the associate of future Presidents. When I told Pat about it next day he said: "Shure and ye ought to be a blissed Catholic with the sinse ye've got fur miracles."

My only disappointment about Kentucky came in finding that the grass instead of being blue was most aggressively green, though I found a small blue flower that Mamma said was blue-eyed grass. So I hoped it, at any rate, carpeted the rest of the State.

It was a wonderful day of many experiences. The friends we were with had, before the Civil War, been part of the "Underground Railway," which I had supposed to be a good deal like the Hoosac Tunnel. So it was surprising to find it was made up of people, and as they told my mother about smuggling slaves to the North and the narrow escapes some of them had had and the hatred they had brought upon themselves in a slave-owning community, I, listening unnoticed but breathless, suddenly had a glimmering of how much people, real people who were not book people at all, might be willing to do and risk for others, even for people they had never seen; and the wrongs and needs of the blacks became so vivid to me that the next day I presented a bird-shaped whistle, one of my treasures, to the janitor of a church near us, the only colored person I had ever seen. He was greatly pleased and said he would give it to his little boy. But I was much disappointed, feeling that would frustrate my object, and urged him to keep it for himself, as it never occurred to me that his little boy could be black also.

The house where these Kentucky friends had lived during the war was burned to the ground by a guerilla band as a reprisal on the part of their Confederate neighbors, and the family themselves

had barely escaped with their lives. All their silver, which I later inspected with great awe, was buried in the woods for months before they dared to go back and get it.

Their stories made Harry rush out-of-doors and play war by chopping off the heads of daisies with a stick, yelling at each stroke, "Curse ye for Yanks," as the Rebels had shouted when they burned down the house. I did not care to play with him, for the fierce and relentless side of war had been brought home to me even more vividly than by handling the sword Harry's father had used during the war, a sword that had really cut people and dripped blood as he slashed at the enemy from horseback. He had been a captain of cavalry. Over the mantelpiece in their dining-room there was a large painting of him, in uniform, charging the enemy. Harry was consequently our authority on war, but as he talked about it, it had never seemed terrible.

Now I longed to hear more and used to question every man who was older than my father, for Papa I knew had been too young to enlist, and I found that nearly every one we knew had either fought himself or had stories about relatives who had. It became the most absorbing subject to me, and I perfectly understood their reticence and the bald, abrupt way in which they so often spoke of

battles, escapes, and the wounds they had received. It was just like not making a fuss over a cut finger. Our doctor had only one leg, and when I asked him about it, his answer, "I left that foot at Gettysburg," thrilled me more than the most detailed account.

I was troubled when I thought of all the stray arms and legs on different battle-fields, and hoped Death knew them apart so that when the skeletons were put together people would get the souls of their own arms and legs. It would be so horrible if they got mixed and a person wore part of some one else! I wondered, too, if the outsides of the arms and legs became little, separate angels. I knew Cherubs were just detached heads with wings, so now I had a most vivid picture before my mind of a battle-field at dusk—I had seen one, just a common, grassy pasture—with hundreds of detached limbs sailing off to the sky, each with its own pair of wings, while Death wandered about below tying paper tags with the names onto all the bones that were left before sticking them into the ground. When the rest of the man died, I wondered if Death put his skeleton in a grave on the battle-field or went and dug up the part that was there and buried it in the cemetery with the rest of the body. Fortunately, I had never heard of a Day of Judgment to complicate my difficulties.

That people were actually killed in battle I did not know. No one happened to mention that part to me. I thought from the stories I heard that they were often wounded and barely escaped with their lives, but they always did escape and often they were incredibly brave.

Pat had been a drummer for his regiment. He often played to us after work with a pair of sticks on a turned-up bucket. We thought it was wonderful music. He had no hesitation about telling us all the details of how superbly he had behaved and what he had accomplished single-handed. He often seemed to have been alone in the forefront of battle surrounded by the enemy whom he kept off with a pistol in one hand and a drumstick in the other until he managed to wrench a sword or a gun from one of the graycoats. And once he knocked down three men by butting into them with his drum! Harry tried it on me and it knocked out my wind completely. It was clever of Pat to think of it in the thick of battle!

That was the one of all his adventures that we liked best, but he did not in the end get off scot-free. Even the marvellous Pat with all his skill had lost one finger in battle and had a mysterious stitch in his side as the result of another. Harry had seen it once. Pat showed it to him as a great favor.

Now for the first time the human drama, as something real and existing outside of books or the imagination, became vivid and absorbing to me. Una Mary could do all sorts of magnificent things that Una was afraid to do, but that real, living men actually did those things positively awed me, and their courage made me thrill as books never had, and it made me shudder, too, reminding me of the gas tanks against the blue sky. There was the same element here in human life, the same splendid, immeasurable terror which I could not understand.

That same year several things happened to deepen this impression of a dangerous, unknown Power woven through and yet outside of all our lives.

The first was a riot down in the city. Of course I only heard about it, but people talked of nothing else for days. As I remember, the troops were called out, and during the fight several people were killed. I had seen a hawk shot, had heard the crack of the gun, seen the bird waver an instant in the air, then fall flopping and whirling to the ground, where I picked him up, a warm, limp mass of feathers that seemed tragically remote from the creature proudly soaring in the air a moment before. And now men had been shot down near us! The thought haunted me for weeks, and each

day when my father went to the laboratory I was afraid he, too, might be shot. The University was on the side of the hill half-way down to the city, where it could be reached by a cable inclined plane known as the "Ink-line," and I imagined all the rioters in the city shooting up at the descending cars. It was horrible! It was even worse than the snatching of Death himself, this killing of human beings by other human beings. It was as monstrous as an old sow eating her suckling, an event that had shocked me inexpressibly at the farm the summer before.

The next terror was a smallpox epidemic. I remember seeing the signs outside many houses and on Mount Auburn Avenue, the street that joined ours at right angles, there was an almost continuous procession of funerals all day long to the cemetery in the country beyond. I am sure now that the smallpox could not have been responsible for them, but I thought so then, and used to watch them with a grewsome fascination and count the hearses I could see from the bay window in the parlor. It was the day of hearses splendid with carving, metal trimmings, and black plumes, and the horses had more plumes on their heads and coverings of tasselled net on their backs. Una Mary felt they were magnificent and I turned a toy wagon into a hearse drawn by a rocking-horse covered with an

old dotted veil of Mamma's and had funerals every day for my dolls, with old calling cards standing up against blocks for their gravestones.

I secretly felt that our house lacked dignity because we had never had a real funeral in it. Most of the other children had at their houses and bragged about it awfully. It all seemed part of our difference from other people, like our clothes. But I did not want a smallpox funeral, as Lizzie said no mourners were allowed to go to those. So I quite sympathized with our nurse, a person I remember only as a being who pushed baby carriages and dragged a protesting Me about the streets, when she always crossed over to the other side if we came to one of the smallpox signs. And as I zigzagged on our walks I got the impression that smallpox was a creature ready to jump out like a jack-in-a-box and seize us if we ever got within reach of his arms, or if we even looked afraid he had some strange power over us. So I used to walk past the signs with a very brave and unconcerned expression of countenance to deceive him, though inside Una Mary quaked with her old mysterious fear and was always afraid the Imp would in some way betray me.

My brave outside was very much like my behavior one night when I thought I heard burglars in the next room. I knew Mamma and Papa had

gone to a party, and I was afraid the burglars would kill my small sister who was in their room, and I knew if I screamed or acted as if I were afraid everybody would be killed at once. Our nurse had said burglars always killed people who were scared. So I decided to frighten them off in a way they would never suspect, and, quaking with terror, my throat so dry I could scarcely make a sound, I called as loudly as I could, "Mamma, Mamma, I've got an awful pain!" and when Mamma came running in—for of course it was she I had heard, back from the party—I was so relieved I took the Jamaica ginger she gave me without a murmur.

The next summer while we were in New Hampshire the famous "yellow day" shut in upon us like a dry and very yellow fog. Darker and darker it grew. The air was breathless and still and the sun, which had seemed when I got up to be an orange balloon waiting in suspense in the sky to see what was going to happen, gradually grew paler and paler until it looked like the moon by daylight. The lamps had to be lighted for lunch and the chickens all went to roost at noon. The cows refused to eat and stood huddled in a group at the pasture bars, and all day the horses neighed despairingly.

The "Millerites," a sect of Second Adventists, of whom there were five in the town, said it was

the end of the world their leader had predicted, so they wound themselves in sheets and climbed to the roof of a barn and all day they sat there like enormous white birds, lamenting the destruction of the world and praying and exhorting the rest of us to join them before it was too late, and the tears streamed down their faces as they prayed. One of them was the hired man on our farm, and it seemed very strange to think of him as among the very few elect. No one else joined them, but the sight of them on the roof, combined with the eerie quality in the day and the awful stillness broken only by their prayers and the cries of frightened animals, so worked upon the nerves of the whole community that the bells of the church were rung to call the people to prayer-meeting and there all the orthodox gathered and prayed that the end of the world might be postponed, and it was all their fault, "working on the sympathies of the Lord," that prevented the Millerites from "rising up to glory" —so, at least, the Millerites said afterward to explain the fact that about nine o'clock they climbed down from the roof, very tired and hungry, for of course no one of them had bothered about food on that their last exalted day.

I saw one woman stirring up some chicken food —the famished hens collected about her feet—still dressed in her sheet that flopped clumsily at every movement of her arm.

The hired man stayed all night on the roof, and it almost broke his heart that the end of the world did not come. When you have expected to "float in glory, blowing on a golden trumpet near the throne," it is hard next day to have to kill potato-bugs instead.

I had been much excited all day myself, but rather interested than frightened, I was so curious as to what it would be like if the world did end. Yet it made me distinctly nervous that Mamma had not gone to the prayer-meeting. Perhaps that would count against her if it were the Day of Judgment. I myself did creep into the back of the church, and there that usually satisfied and decorous assembly were praying and crying like the "shouting Methodist" our cook once took me to see. The whole day was decidedly a strain and most disquieting, and my Imp kept reminding me of all the things I had done that I ought not to have done. And even if the world did not end, the yellow day itself was still a fact, an unexplained and creepy fact. It had come upon us from somewhere and many more like it might descend upon us, and then I was sure we should all scream. If it had only done something it would have been more bearable. One longed for a terrific thunderstorm to shatter the heavy stillness.

The last spring we lived in Cincinnati was the

year of one of the great Ohio floods, and Harry and I were taken down to see it. We drove through blocks and blocks of streets where the water came to the hubs of the wheels of our carriage and all the lower stories of the houses were flooded, the people living up-stairs and going about in boats that they had to climb out of windows to reach.

Finally, we came to a place where we could go up some steps to the bridge, and from there we saw the whole snarling, turbulent, orange-colored monster foaming down upon us, tossing uprooted trees and wreckage like the leaves on a brook. There were even whole houses, small wooden ones, tumbling along on their sides, jerked this way and that, their slanting windows looking up at us with a cock-eyed expression of despair as they went reeling under us. Harry had a splendid time counting the objects that tore past us, some dangerously near the bridge, and longed for a house with a wrecked family inside. But it was the river itself that fascinated and appalled me. I felt I was in the very Presence of the Person itself of all the terrors that I had vaguely and awfully felt during my life. It was the sum total of all Una Mary's nightmares personified into this gigantic, implacable wild beast, which yet was not a wild beast and was more terrible so. He was alive, untamable, impersonal, and to be touched by no appeal.

The very sky, dimmed by the mist of his foaming, seemed remote and helpless.

It was so wild and fierce I knew it was like Death and smallpox and war. Everything dreadful that I knew or had imagined was summed up in that Flood, and later, when I heard of the "Wrath of God," I knew it must be like that seething malignity.

CHAPTER VIII

UNA'S TASTE AND UNA MARY'S WONDER

AS I look back over those eight years when we lived in Cincinnati I cannot remember a single funny thing that happened—that seemed funny to me at the time, I mean. I cannot tell whether my sense of humor did not develop until later or whether nothing of the sort made a lasting impression upon me. The only things from books that appealed to my sense of humor began with "Hey! diddle diddle." That the dish ran away with the spoon just because the cow jumped over the moon seemed to me deliciously absurd, exuberantly funny. But funnier still was "John Gilpin's Ride." I had it with Caldicott's illustrations, and both the pictures and the text were an unfailing source of laughter. Dear, fat John Gilpin with his bald pate, clinging fast to his horse's neck while his wig and cloak float down the wind behind him! All the Caldicott picture-books I liked, but "John Gilpin" best of all. He seemed really funniest; and then, too, there was nothing to be sorry for as there was

in the "Mad Dog." The expression of that poor dog haunts me to this day.

Among my father's books I discovered "The Foreign Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson" and their absurd troubles while travelling in Europe. For years all my ideas of foreign travel were based on their adventures, and I have never quite gotten over my disappointment each time I go abroad to find it all so tame. I feel the fault must lie with me. There are now no stage-coaches, to be sure, but Brown, Jones, and Robinson going over now would still, I feel sure, show their old capacity for creating situations. Neither steam nor electric lights could deter them from getting in and out of difficulties. Every one ought to have been brought up on that book. And there was another which ranked with it in my estimation, "The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck." This was a series of comic drawings illustrating his wonderful exploits in search of a sweetheart. I found this book in my grandfather's attic and each time I went there spent a great deal of time poring over its pages. How many people, I wonder, have had the privilege of knowing Mr. Obadiah, his dog, and his horse, and of watching the Beloved Object grow fat or thin according to the nature of her adventures? Very few people, I am sure, really know what it means to turn over a new leaf, a per-

fectly simple proceeding as it only means putting on a clean shirt. Mr. Obadiah does it between all his attempts at suicide; just disappears completely under a fresh shirt, emerges a new man, and, of course, his luck changes at once.

Many of the books that made grown people laugh seemed to me pathetic instead. Most of the Anderson stories made me weep and his humor wholly escaped me. They made me so miserable that I finally refused to have them read aloud, though I loved fairy-tales and was devoted to Grimm. Two other books that always made me weep were "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Water Babies." These we gave up in the middle and I have never to this day been able to finish either of them.

I had several picture-books by Kate Greenaway which I liked immensely, and was delighted to see that the houses she drew were very like the funny gabled one in which I had been born, which was so unlike any other house I had ever seen. It made me feel quite related to the Greenaway children. And then I had Walter Crane's illustrated fairy-tales, but those were too sacred to be talked about as he almost, not quite, drew My Country in them.

On one of my birthdays I was given a book I wish all children could have. We called it the "Big Book." It had been lent and rebound so

many times the title-page was lost, but I have since discovered its real name is "The Children's Book," compiled by Horace Scudder, a collection of classics for children in poetry and prose, mainly fables, ballads, and fairy-tales, as I recall it. It was the source of most of the material that made up My Country, though Grimm had contributed his share; and two other books that helped were Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" and his "Conquest of Granada."

In Irving I loved the combinations of descriptions of scenery and palaces and the romantic adventures of the characters with wonderful names and strange titles that sounded a good deal like the Arabian Nights and yet were different and new to me. I remember the horror of one of my mother's friends when, in answer to her question as to what I wanted to be when I grew up, I said: "The Illegitimate Son of an Illegitimate Son. They always have such wonderful adventures in Granada." And, of course, one of the favorite heroes in My Country was a reckless, melancholy Moor, an Illegitimate Son, which to me was just an especially high-sounding title like The Heir Apparent.

There was "Don Quixote," too, with Doré illustrations, a large and sumptuous volume bound in green leather tooled with gold. Fantastic he never seemed to me. I took to him quite gravely and

sympathetically. And there were many other books, all dearer to me and of more moment in my life than most of the people I have known.

If I lacked a sense of humor, a sense of beauty I surely had, a very acute one of my own kind, though what people usually meant when they said things were pretty or beautiful puzzled me greatly as I rarely agreed with them, and they seemed quite indifferent to all that I thought beautiful. Easter Eggs, for instance, I greatly admired, the kind with a hole in front edged with pink sugar roses, where I could look through a pane of glass into a fairy-tale world of houses, people, and animals, all standing in moss of the most violent aniline green with the translucent arch of the sugar egg for its sky. These I considered supremely beautiful; and of the same high order were balls of glass —I gave one to Papa one Christmas for a paperweight—that had whole scenes inside them, a good deal like the Easter-Egg scenery, only here it was always winter with snow over everything, and when you shook the ball and stood it up again you had stirred up a driving snow-storm that filled the whole country inside the ball and took five whole minutes to settle again. I had my eggs hard-boiled by it instead of the dull minute-glass the rest of the family used.

Of this same quality of beauty were Valentines,

Real Valentines, that came in large, embossed envelopes and opened up layer on layer of lace paper like an accordion, framing some deep-set face of doll-like loveliness or a painted cupid with his bow and arrows aimed straight at you; and decorating the lace were detached flowers, hearts, and linked hands fastened on at random and looking almost as lovely as Lizzie's dress when she went to the Policemen's Fancy Dress Ball with Pat and wore white tarlatan on which I had helped her sew dozens and dozens of real red and yellow autumn leaves. I told Pat she looked lovely enough to be a Valentine, which made Lizzie turn as red as one of the leaves, and Pat gave me a brand-new cent as bright as gold.

All this sense of beauty belonged to Una. Una Mary cared only for the things that were of a loveliness I could scarcely believe. Among the pictures that Una liked best were the illustrations that came with the Christmas number of the *London Graphic*. They were large and colored and decorated the nursery walls for years. There was one of Miss Muffet that I considered very fine. She sat on a stool dressed in white with black mitts and a blue ribbon round the crown of her cap, from below which curled hair that looked like molasses candy. And there was another of two little girls in pink mob-caps with smocked dresses to match standing

beside a gray wolfhound. This for years was my ideal of Art and made me change Una Mary's every-day costume from white ruffled muslin to a pink smocked frock.

The paintings that hung in our parlor, painted by a young Cincinnati artist who has since become very famous, I heartily despised—they were, to my mind, so dauby. They were heads of people, but so blurred I could not make out their features clearly. The landscape that hung near them, "The Picture," as it was called with almost bated breath, I liked better. I loved the patch of sunlight on its meadow and the mountains wreathed in mist. In it I could almost feel my own Beyond the Mountains.

This picture was a great family event. It had hung during the winter in the window of an art store and been greatly admired by all our friends but was too expensive for any of them to buy; and then one day as my father was passing it was marked with a ridiculously low price, the painter being anxious to sell it, and Papa had gone in and bought it at once—the one family extravagance. It was years before we could afford a proper gold frame for it, but, unframed or framed, it has always hung in the place of honor in the parlor ever since that breathless day when Papa brought the huge bundle home himself and untied it before Mamma,

who almost cried with pleasure. And later the excitement of all our friends at our luck in getting it and their admiration of the picture itself were to me tremendous. Every one who came to the house I used to take into the parlor at once "to see our picture." I felt as if Papa had been knighted or some equally great honor bestowed upon the family with its ownership.

This one picture really appealed to Una Mary, had in it some of the sky quality that always made her throat ache, and I loved it. But I got more real enjoyment out of the Easter-Egg style of beauty, and I greatly liked textures and stuffs, especially if they were draped.

I remember the summer Garfield was shot principally by the mourning festooning all the principal buildings. We were in the country at the time and heard a man galloping through the village street on horseback shouting: "The President has been shot." My father rushed to the window to question him, and then I heard Papa say: "It can't be true. There must be some mistake." But the next day we heard it was true, and later, when he died, they draped the pillars of the town hall and the porch of the church with black cloth, beautifully festooned and rosetted, so satisfying to my sense of decoration that I wished Presidents would die often.

My mother seemed to me the most absolutely beautiful person I had ever seen. Her light, curly hair and blue eyes seemed to me perfection; in fact, there was only one thing about her that failed to satisfy me absolutely—her clothes! Again that tragic difference, and I felt it for her as keenly as I felt my own queerness in dress. It never occurred to me that she chose to dress as she did; it seemed some sort of curse on our whole family.

The people I most admired, especially our servants on their "days out," wore very large and swaying bustles with great wobs of clothes bunched out behind, and in front lovely festooned overskirts draped in folds as deep as pockets, while Mamma wore scarcely any bustle at all and only straight, simple draperies. I would have died rather than admit it to any one, but to me her clothes did a little mar her beauty.

I was especially troubled about it after I overheard two old ladies in the country discussing her. These pillars of respectability still wore hoop-skirts, probably the only ones in existence. It always fascinated me to see their balloon-like swaying as they walked. They wore them conscientiously, feeling it a duty to themselves and the community as a protest against the terrible immodesty of the age. One of them had just said: "I'll keep my modesty to the end. If I be the only righteous

person left, I'll go to my coffin dressed in hoops." And I was wondering what modesty meant when the other old lady answered: "Me, too. It's a Christian example. What is the world a-comin' to when people goes out a' doors with nothin' but a bustle to cloak their form? And now, there's this lady from the city who hain't got no more bustle 'n if she walked out in her petticoat." I naturally concluded modesty meant fashionableness and felt it keenly that other people should see, as I did, that Mamma was unfashionable. The Imp gloated over her clothes.

Later, when I was eight years old and first went to dancing-school, I found that all the other little girls wore bustles or reeds, long pieces of bamboo tied at the ends so that they stuck out behind like half a barrel hoop, and I begged so hard to stick out myself that in a new maroon cashmere made in the middle of the winter I was allowed to have a sash arranged almost like an overskirt, and in the back one small reed but tied so limply that it scarcely showed at all.

The dress came just to my knees and seemed to me the height of elegance, especially after I had gotten to the dressing-room at dancing-school and had tied the two ends of the reed until they almost met. I always brought a piece of string for that purpose, and then, looking back over my shoulder,

I could see a flat table-land of cashmere going straight out from my waist with the ends of my sash cascading over its edge. How I must have looked with skirts only to my knees in front!—I shudder to think where they were hoisted to behind—but none of the other children noticed anything except my style; and as our parents were only allowed to come on Exhibition days, the rest of the time I "switched my bustle," as the darkies expressed it, to my heart's content.

Una Mary appreciated beauty of quite another order. She felt it always in flowers. The first grief I ever had was once when I knocked a geranium off a window-sill in the second story and on running to the yard to pick it up found it broken to bits, plant and pot all mixed in with lumps of earth, and my agony of grief that I had killed so lovely a thing, and then the hopelessness of ever being understood when the family, to comfort me, said they knew it was an accident, so, of course, I should not be punished.

When we went to Boston each spring to visit my grandmother we took a car at the corner of Bowdoin Square to go out to Cambridge. The car only ran every half-hour, so the waits were often long; but the longer the better for me, as there was a bird store on the corner with windows full of tiny cages of marvellous and dainty birds of quite

unbelievable colors and shapes, and the air was sweet always, above the roar of the city, light and clear with the songs of canaries and faint, woodsy twitterings or liquid cascades of melody from birds I did not know. The shop was kept by a little old man who was lame, and I think he was the only real person that Una Mary ever envied.

Often, sitting in front of the store—I am sure they chose that place because of the birds, as I should have done—were boys selling pond-lilies. They had them in buckets, masses of wonderful, sweet white perfection, smelling, it seemed to me, as the canaries sounded. I thought them the most beautiful flowers I had ever seen, and I had all the ponds in My Country covered with them, and only Edward or Una Mary were allowed to pick them.

When I was ill once in Cambridge—I was ill quite often in those days—I asked for some pond-lilies, and my aunt that evening brought me two from Boston, and I cried with disappointment because I wanted a whole pailful. I wanted both arms full of their loveliness, not just two single flowers. My aunt said I was greedy and, to punish me, was going to take away the ones she had brought me, but I begged so hard I was allowed to keep them; and, as the first disappointment had worn off by then, I lay looking with perfect rapture at the two flowers lying on the sheet on either side

of me, though my grandmother said I looked as if I was "laid out," whatever that meant. They seemed the most perfect and exquisite things on earth, too lovely for earth, more like flowers dropped from the crown of some Goddess.

Both families of my grandparents lived in suburbs of Boston, and both had gardens. They were all flower lovers to an unusual degree, so their gardens were lovely, and I remember the joy the flower-beds gave me with their glories of color and texture. We usually arrived in the afternoon, and at once I rushed to the garden. After the days in the stuffy train from the West the sweet-scented air, the warm sunshine with a touch of sea east wind, the color, and the magic of it all seemed more than I could believe. It seemed too beautiful for even Una Mary to see and feel, and sometimes my own unworthiness almost overcame me. I seemed as out of place as the toad hopping along the path. Why were we allowed there, the toad and I?

I felt that Una was very plain, and I knew my aunts thought so too, for I had overheard one of them apologize to some one for my looks and say she could not see whom I looked like in the family, but that my sisters were both pretty. And the person she was talking to had politely answered: "Perhaps she'll grow up better-looking."

It all simply confirmed my own impression. Una was plain, and my only consolation was that she had never had warts on her hands.

The reason for the ugly things in the world always troubled me. I could not see why God had ever made them until it occurred to me they might be like some of the paper dolls I painted that would turn out ugly in spite of all my efforts. Perhaps we were just God's mistakes and He had really meant Una to look like Una Mary. If people could only see her I was sure they would think she was pretty.

I rarely wanted to pick the flowers in grandmother's garden. They seemed too alive and personal for that, but I used to love to take whole plants in my arms and press my cheek against the flowers and kiss them. The roses and tall Madonna lilies were the ones I loved best. I cared for them so much that I always had a feeling of hurt surprise when the thorns pricked me or the lilies left telltale markings of orange pollen on my face.

Then there was a little pink semi-weed which was only tolerated in a few places in the garden that I loved, too, because I felt it must be so puzzled about itself, not able to tell if it were really a wild or a cultivated flower. It must feel out of place, as I did in a group of Real Girls.

In the garden in Cambridge there were two large

cherry-trees with a hammock swung between, and it was so dark and damp below them that moss grew on the ground instead of grass, and at one side, in the perpetual shade, a rockery of ferns had been made. They were wild ferns from the woods, the glamour-haunted woods, and I pitied them with all my heart, prisoned in this dark, cheerless place, grown fragile and pale from homesickness, with fat, vulgar, prosperous robins hopping about and eating cherries all over them. How those robins did disgust me! I have never liked them. They seem so typically nouveau riche.

There were syringa bushes behind the fernery and bushes with uncanny white berries. For some reason I felt they were all enemies of the ferns and I hated them. I loathe syringa to this day. When I was ten my grandmother sold this place, and so deep was my feeling for the forlornness of the part of the garden shaded by the cherry-trees that when I grew up, though I spent eleven years living in Boston, I never once felt willing to go down that street and pass her house—the little red house that I had really liked. I could not bear to see those same complacent robins and the bland syringas. The ferns I felt sure were dead. They could not have survived such companionship for all those years.

Morning-glories or poppies with the sunlight on

them I adored. They seemed like butterflies, tangible spirits of air and light. I knew light was many-colored. I had seen it broken by a prism into a rainbow on our dining-room ceiling, for a glass prism always hung in one of the dining-room windows. Una Mary used to love to "Play Butterfly" by making it move in the sunlight with one hand, while with the other hand she tried to catch the changing, darting color spot that danced like magic from floor to ceiling.

Another favorite game was "Playing the Wind" with pieces of down or small feathers squeezed out of the corners of pillows. This game really belonged to Una, as I shared it with other children, but Una Mary invented it. We used to blow the feathers off the tips of our fingers and follow them about the room, blowing all the time to keep them in the air. We had races to see whose feathers could stay up longest. I had one much-coveted piece of down that was the champion, it was so soft and light. I was offered two real agate marbles and a top in exchange for it, but I scorned to barter it away though I confess the agates had a charm that was very powerful. Stones of all kinds always fascinated me, and when they were semi-transparent as agates often were they had a real magic about them. Quartz crystals I had loved from the Minerva days, and later I saw them in

the rocks in Maine and found other crystals too. I was never tired of hunting for these wild minerals, as I called them. I discovered tiny garnets in the granite and found that they often lay loose in the disintegrated rocks, in the cracks, or at the foot of the large, gray bowlders. There was one great rock in the Sheep Pasture that was especially rich in them. I have patiently sifted the sand at its base for hours, picking out the tiny red balls, some almost too small to see, the largest no bigger than the head of a fair-sized pin, but each one a complete and perfect crystal complete in itself and fulfilling all the laws of its kind. One could so rely upon minerals; they always did exactly what they were supposed to do. Their variations were only trifling details of size and clearness, though they did do surprising things in regard to color now and then. For instance, one of my father's assistants in the laboratory discovered a white garnet. He gave me a piece, as garnet is my birthstone. It looks like a piece of white jade. So, even stones were not wholly reliable, after all—a discovery that shocked Una Mary, but the Imp said: "Of course."

CHAPTER IX

SUMMERS BY THE SEA

I WAS four years old, I think, when I first saw the sea. My mother always longed for it as only those born by the sea and living in the great, flat Middle West can long, and always she had told me about it and took me to see it as a sacred rite. We went to a beach near Boston, probably Nantasket, and as my mother held my hand and breathed full breaths of rapture I looked at her in amazement. What could she find to love in this tame, lead-colored streak that vaguely rippled at our feet! It was one of the great disappointments of my life.

Later we spent three summers at East Gloucester and there I, too, learned to love the sea, love it as I do the sky, for then I lived with it and heard it talk to me in all its vast variety of being. I knew and loved it, glittering and calm as glass, on sun-bleached August days. I knew it, green and sullen, gathering passion for a storm, or copper-gray in the sultry hush of thunder-laden air. I knew it, blue and joyous, the dancing waves

white-tipped as they pressed in from the bay. I knew it in the Equinox, when all the world was flying scud of sky and sea, waves breaking on the clouds and tearing at the rocks, the air a salt-laden lash of rain and spray.

I saw a shipwreck and I saw monstrous, serpent-like leaves of seaweed torn from the very heart of the deep, they were so large and black, tossed with the wreckage on the shore. It was like the Ohio River in flood; and then I knew the sea, too, was the voice of God, but a voice gentle and serene after the day of wrath. So, with the stars and trees and the feeling of the sky behind the mountains, the sea became part of Una Mary's worship and her love.

The sea! Every sort of enchantment is bound up with the word. There was the tossing creature itself to be watched, gloried in, and worshipped. I never felt any fear of it, only exaltation and a wild sympathy even with its fiercest storms. And then there was the shore! the beach trampled flat by the tides, smooth as a floor made of tiny particles of glittering, many-colored stones. I used to let the sand trickle through my fingers to see the different shapes and colors as they fell upon my lap. And more brilliant and beautiful even were the shells and bits of seaweed, yellow, vivid green, and pink, scattered with larger stones on

the gleaming, golden beach, all brought by the waves as presents from the sea to me.

Some of the pebbles were dark, some white, some so smooth they felt like velvet and seemed almost warm against my cheek. These soft-feeling ones I used to hunt for especially, to keep as pets. I called them Una Mary's cats. They were very consoling to stroke, and even in the cold city winter the feel of them brought back like magic the sun-warmed beach under a kind blue sky, with days of long, untroubled joyousness in a world ready made for Una Mary—days untroubled by the Imp, for he never existed by the sea. It was all too vast to allow his corroding littleness.

Then there were the rare, most-coveted pebbles, rough, as a rule, with a ring of another color going round them like a collar. These, of course, were my dogs. I had an oblong, brownish, streaky one with a very distinct collar that was my favorite of them all. I named him Carlo, after my aunt's dog. Once when I lost him out of my pocket I walked up and down the beach all the morning calling, "Carlo, Carlo!" sure that if he heard me he would in some way will me to hunt in the place where he was, and, sure enough, I felt impelled to look in a tiny pool among the rocks where I felt certain I could not have lost him. Yet there he lay. I loved him with a deep devotion and felt sure there was

real understanding between us. For three whole summers I played with him, but only in the summers. I could not bear to take him to town with me, away from the beach and the smell of the sea. It was all necessary to Carlo. He would have smothered in the city. I did not mind taking the cats; they could get along anywhere. So Mamma always had to pay excess luggage, I poured so many of them into the trunks.

I used to bury Carlo to keep him safe for the winter. Each autumn, the day before we left, I put him on a certain ledge of a great bowlder called "The Castle Rock," just on the edge of the Downs a few feet from the shore, a ledge where I used to play for hours. It was Una Mary's Sea Castle, and deep under the moss, in a dark crevice, I hid Carlo and two other "best stones" to keep him company.

The third summer was our last at Gloucester, but on a day not long ago I motored there, and as the rest of the party walked on the beach I went to the Rock, felt back in the crevice, and there were my stones, still safely hidden. Carlo was smaller than I remembered him to be. I carefully put them back, covered them up again, and there they probably are now—meaningless pebbles to any one else, but to me symbols of the joy of three whole summers.

I used to feed them on morsels of pale-pink and vivid-green seaweed served on dishes of flat gray and orange colored lichens, and they drank from the moss that grows in tiny goblets of green with a rim of scarlet. These dishes were obligingly native to rocky shelves of my Castle—a fairies' pantry. They slept on rugs of soft, dark velvet moss. I can see Carlo still—he lay down in such a proud way, his collar showing plainly.

The pools in the rocks at low tide were another world of enchantment to me. There were splendid ones in the cliffs on the open ocean side, where during a storm the surf used to dash as high as a house.

The best pools were difficult to reach across the slippery, kelp-grown rocks. Everything at low tide was covered deep in kelp and it dipped down into the pools on all sides like a fringe that swayed gently on top of the water; and it was when one parted this to see the shadowed rock below that one found the marvels of starfish pulling themselves about on the rich purple-brown of the stones or on the kelp leaves, their stars all skewed out of shape as they moved. Near them were whole plantations of sea-anemones; some tight shut, looking like wizened, brown, baked apples, some with their delicate, swaying flowers fully open, lovely, impalpable rosettes.

There were creeping, living shells—blue, white, brown, and brightest yellow—carrying their houses on their backs, or an empty shell house rented for the season by a pretentious hermit-crab, and sometimes a large, dark, blotchy lobster looking like the ogre of an enchanted castle in that world of magic, living beauties. Once we saw two lobsters fighting, gripping and clutching with their deadly front claws until they had nearly torn each other to pieces. But it was all unreal, for, instead of the crash and clatter one expected as of knights fighting in coats of mail, it was all silent under the water and scarcely a ripple swayed the surface. There were spiny sea-urchins, hedgehogs of the sea, with their beautifully patterned mouths like closed starflowers cut in stone; and, best of all, now and then would come a day when we found a prisoned jellyfish—the enchanted Princess of it all, Spirit of Water, made barely tangible by the flower-shaped, opaque figure on its back, iridescent, of many colors, with long, floating tentacles and streamers beneath the slowly undulating scallops of its disk. Then there were the marvels of sea-weed growing in the pool or floating, left there by the tide.

At our hotel one summer there was a German professor who was collecting seaweeds, and he always took me with him, as I was better at getting

down to the pools than he and lucky in my finds. I am very grateful to him and, though all I remember is a beaming kindliness bounded by spectacles and a brown beard, he is still one of my dear memories, we were so sympathetic about the magic pools, and without him I should not have been allowed to explore them as I did. On rainy days we mounted our seaweeds, and he used to fill in the spare moments as we waited for the cards to dry by reading aloud to me from "Fin, Feathers, and Fur," a book my father had given to me, stories about the creatures we found in the sea-pools, or from a book of his own on Natural History, which was as delightfully expanded as Izaak Walton in having an appendix which gave various recipes for cooking, not fish this time, but shell-fish and sea-urchins. We tried the sea-urchins boiled, as the Greeks liked them best—so the book said—eating them out of the shells, seasoned with vinegar, pepper, and salt, and found them so peculiarly horrible that I have never dared try cooking fish in the ways recommended by "The Gentle Angler." I could not bear another such disillusionment.

In the course of our explorations along the cliffs we even found two sea caves where the surf thundered and spouted as the tide rushed in; one we called the Spouting Whale, for the Professor told

me whales threw up fountains of spray in the same way. He had seen them from the steamer as he came over to America. I longed to see one do it, too. I had seen a whale in the flesh, but it was dead on the beach, where it had been washed during a storm, a vast mountain of horrible, fishy stench, so large it had taken the combined efforts of all the town and ten bonfires lit on all sides to destroy it. Now I longed to see one alive, proud as a ship at sea, playfully tossing a shock of foam against the sky. I was so surprised when I first saw a whale years later to find that he did not roar with the sound of the sea cave as he spouted.

Our richest finds were all in certain large pools, only uncovered for a short time at the lowest ebb of low tide, and always, as we leaned over shoulder-deep in the cool water, reaching with a stick for the long, floating wisps of seaweed, which turned into damp sops of dull nothingness as we lifted them into the air, we had to keep one eye on the shining sea, a dancing line of blue against the sky, with its inconsequent ripples creeping nearer and nearer, to be noticed first in the gradual growing and swelling of the pools as little trickles pushed their way surely and imperceptibly under the surface of the kelp until it all began to rock on unseen waters. Then came the mad scramble to reach the "Neck" before we were cut off from the shore, as these

best pools were on a headland that became an island at high tide. Often we had delayed a moment too long and had to wade knee-deep along a narrow strip of water to the beach.

Then came the joys of the walk home across "The Down of the Forty Caves." It is now dotted with summer cottages, I hear, their foundations probably built from the rocks of my caves, but when I knew it, a wild confusion of bowlders piled and tumbled as if tossed there by the sea, with wind-blown, stunted oak and pine trees clutching a foothold among them, and billowing reaches of huckleberry, bayberry, and wild rose-bushes all gay with pink and white flowers in summer and gaudy with the reds and yellows of leaves, goldenrod, and the purple of asters in autumn, thrown into relief by the always vivid green of the bay bushes, for we never stayed late enough to see them turn.

Against the sky on the land side of the Cape were the church spires and roofs of Gloucester, fronted by the ever-present masts of the fishing fleet; on the other three sides, the giddy, wavering line of dark-blue sea against the sky.

Vivid, splendid days of warm, sea-swept breezes sweet with bay-leaves aromatic in the sun; days when I wandered with the Professor or all alone, but never lonely, for Edward was always with me,

along the sheep paths through the Downs, the bushes higher than my head in places where I pushed through gnarled and knotted growths like miniature forests drawn by Doré, through boggy hollows where the Venus fly-catch and exquisite orchids greeted me, lovely in their delicate distinction, haunted presences among the flowers, or the pitcher-plant held up her crown of brimming cups. All touched with a magic of My Country were those paths across the Downs, which became intensified when I reached the rocks.

The wild central ridge of the Cape was flung together in such gaunt confusion that there were great crevices among the rocks—forty we found in all, ranging in size from cracks just large enough for me to squeeze in my small body, but still caves because I could get inside them, up to two caves, each large enough for a grown person to stand up straight.

There was one deep, narrow crack that we could only look into from above. My sister's doll, Jemima, fell down into it one day, and there she may still be, alone in the blackness of its depths. We tried fishing for her with a hook and line, but could not catch her, so all we could do was to mark the place as her grave by putting up a white stone at the mouth of the crevice, on which we wrote:

"Jemima, aged two years.
Her body rests below."

How stupid it seems to blast those rocks and use them for foundations, treating them as if they were just common stone instead of Una Mary's magic forty caves!

Perhaps they found Jemima!

It was at Gloucester that I had one of the most painful experiences of my life, one from which I never wholly recovered.

Besides the Professor, I had another grown-up friend with whom I used to play on the shore. We drew pictures in the sand together and he helped me hunt for shells and stones. I gave him one of my best dog stones, named Patsy. He was a very brilliant and fascinating man whose family had been old friends of my mother, so he rather joined our party. I was told to be very nice to him as he had been ill and was trying to get well. I know he used to lie for hours on the sand basking in the sunshine, and there I used to lie beside him, talking to him as I had to no one else, for it was almost Una Mary who talked to him, as he knew all the places that she loved and he, too, lived in castles in a fair, enchanted country. No one had ever come so close to me as he, and with all Una Mary's dumb, pent-up affection I adored him.

Then one day he disappeared—"went to town,"

we heard, but without saying a word about it to any one—and my mother and his brother for some reason were greatly worried about him. The next morning I had gotten up early and was sitting quite alone on the piazza of the hotel when a closed carriage drove up, and out of it two men helped my friend—that is, it was the human body of my friend, alive, but possessed of some terrible repellent demon that was not himself at all. The man I had known, all sweetness and gentle, swift perceptions, was transformed to a truculent, swearing bully with an insane, hiccoughing laugh. The two men who had brought him hurried him into the house between them, and I was the only person who saw. I had no idea then what the matter was, and I was too profoundly shocked by what I had seen to speak of it to any one.

I crept away by myself to the Downs to think out the dreadful discovery I had made. Here was the man I had known and loved suddenly become the most repulsive and awful creature I had ever seen. Which was the real person? For a long time I had thought all people had Una Mary selves inside them, and, as I knew Una Mary was really much better and finer than Una, so I had supposed that other people's inner selves must be their best selves, the selves they really were. Now here was an inner self, coming out where I could

see it, in a man whose outside self was all that I could love, and it was frightful—the inner self seemed all that was most horrible. Was that his real self? The foundation of everything rocked under me, for if people inside might be worse instead of better than they were outside, what could one rely upon, whom could one really trust?

It was a pathetic little Una Mary with a bruised and battered brain and heart who came back from that struggle in the Downs, came back to a world of people she knew but all of whom had changed, seen through this murky veil of new suspicion. Were their inner selves black and wicked, too?

Mamma said my friend was ill, and he did not appear until the next day, when he came down looking pale and shaky. As soon as he saw me he at once came to where I stood and stooped over to kiss me. Instinctively I put up both hands to shield my face and rushed away from him crying as if my heart were broken, for suddenly I knew that I should die if he touched me. I could not, could not bear it, for I felt it would be not the man he seemed but that other repulsive creature I had seen who would really be the one who kissed me. The fierce, relentless cruelty of children! In a flash the man understood me. It cut him to the quick, but he never drank again that summer and he never tried again to kiss me, and while I avoided

him I suffered inexpressibly, and still suffer, for each time I see a drunken man that old horror comes over me and that terrible question, What is his real self?

The day we left, as I saw him lying on the sand without even attempting to say good-by to me, I could bear it no longer. All my old affection for him flooded through me, and I ran, flung my arms round him, and kissed him, saying: "I know this is the Real You, isn't it?" He held me tightly for a moment, then he took both of my hands and, looking at me with hurt eyes full of pain and terrible earnestness, said: "With God's help, this shall be the Real Me always."

I never saw him again. A short time ago he died, and among his papers they found a wonderful poem. I read it in a magazine. It was written by his "Real Self," the man Una Mary had adored, and could only have been written by one who had been down to the depths and risen from there shining, strong, and free.

I think I must have played alone a great deal during those seashore summers, for besides my small sisters and their nurse I remember only my two grown friends and the fifteen-year-old daughter of the proprietor of the hotel, a tall, lanky girl named Nellie.

I seem to see her in the background a great deal,

reading novels. She read me bits from one called "Lady—somebody or other's—Jewels." The only thing about it that I vividly remember is that the heroine was carried away drugged, lying in a coffin, passed off as dead, by a dark-haired young man who had some mysterious designs upon her. Then there was a fair-haired young man who was devoted to his mother, who seemed to want the heroine also, and who always appeared at the last critical moment to rescue her. He got her out of the coffin somehow and took her to his mother, who was always ready to welcome her with open arms, only to have her snatched out of them again. He finally fought a duel in which he killed the dark-haired man, which seemed to me a pity, though Nellie said "Thanks be to gracious" when she read that part.

To me it was all gloriously blood-curdling, but to Nellie it was entirely Love. She could, and did, talk at great length to me on Love, and thought she had felt it for the head waiter, but he, dull creature, was evidently born without the true romantic soul, for he threw himself away and married the cook, a blow under which Nellie bore up nobly, supported by the conviction that one day a man would come who would gladly risk all for her lightest wish.

It seemed to me a magnificent idea, and I, too,

decided to Love, only I felt it would be more exciting to be myself the person who risked everything—the other rôle seemed too passive. And when I asked Nellie about it she thought a woman could have that kind of love as well as a man if I really wanted it.

There was a dreamy, dark-haired young painter, Mr. Phillips, staying at the hotel. He looked, in fact, a good deal like my friend Edward-Christ, and I decided he was the person for whom I could risk all. My only difficulty lay in lack of opportunity. His existence, on the surface, at least, seemed absolutely peaceful and secure.

I used to follow him when he went out sketching, and sit quite silent on the ground beside his easel as he painted, hoping that the great adventure would arrive. It was Una Mary who sat there, her heart big with courage and an ingenuity to meet and overcome all the dangers which even she could imagine. But dangers never came to that peaceful, sunny beach, so the artist never knew that I was trying to be his Romantic Lover. Instead, he used me as a model and painted me in several of his pictures, a thin mite, for this was my "little-lanky-towhead" period, dressed in blue or scarlet cotton, sitting with my hands clasped round my knees.

He painted beaches with rocks and dories drawn

up among them, and the sea beyond, and I, in watching him, unconsciously learned a good deal about the mysteries of art, learned that pictures could be dauby and slight and yet seem real and quivering with sunlight. It was an upsetting knowledge, and I began to respect the paintings of heads in our parlor at home, for he could paint me without my features at all—just three or four dabs of yellow, red, and blue, and yet I knew it looked exactly like Una. You could not mistake it for any one else. Color seemed like words. You could describe a person in three or four words if you hit upon the right ones; so, if you mixed exactly the right notes of color, that also seemed enough. A few dabs did it, and there I sat on the painted beach.

One day he gave me a piece of paper and some paints, not the gritty cakes I had in my own box, which were so dry they only came off in the palest watery tints after endless scrubbing with the brush, but real artist paints that squeezed out of tubes in luscious, soft gobs of color, when I could fill my brush with a touch and really let myself go in an absolute delirium of color. It was autumn then, and trailing over a wall near where I sat was a spray of scarlet woodbine with blue berries, and this I painted. There was a worm-hole in one leaf which I copied most realistically, I remember, but

in spite of that my artist was really surprised and interested by my efforts, which pleased me greatly and made me feel that I had done something for him after all, even if I had not been killed at his feet and heard him say as I died: "How she must have loved me to have done this for my sake!" That was what they said in Nellie's books, and I only hoped he knew about it so that he would be able to say it if the great moment did come. He took the painting to my mother and told her that I must be given drawing lessons, as he was sure I should be an artist when I grew up.

Mamma has it still, that painting of woodbine. I saw it the other day, pasted into a scrap-book of our early attempts at art. The book begins with my very first painting, done when I was five years old. I had drawn ever since I could hold a pencil, doing outlines of men absolutely staggering under tall hats many sizes too large for their bodies, which seemed to be kept together only by the rows and rows of buttons that adorned them from their necks to their heels, or pictures of ladies with mops of corkscrew curls above stiff, triangular trains. But this first painting was made with my original paint-box, given me by Agnes for a Christmas present. It is the scene from the study window during a snow-storm. There, black against a gray sky, are the church tower and my apple-

tree with a sparrow sitting on one of its branches, and snowflakes! great, splashing, single flakes larger than the sparrow, put on generously with Chinese white, for of course it was the snow that I was painting; the rest was wholly its background.

My bent showed even then, for it has always been landscape I have wanted to paint; and, though it was the snow I was trying for then—snow against the sky—I felt the necessity of giving it a background, a world to exist in. I think I never drew or painted the detached, suspended-in-space subjects of most children's art. There was always at least a horizon line; or, if it were a flower or a figure I drew, I invariably put in its shadow. Nothing ever seemed complete without a shadow.

After the painting of woodbine I was given better materials. Some of them were given to me by Mr. Phillips, and when we got back to town I was sent to a drawing class. Harry and I both went; but, while I took a real interest in doing studies of still life in charcoal because of the shadows, he cared only about scribbling steam-engines and trains on the margin of his paper. It was at home that we really let ourselves go in art. We were very strong on paintings of fruit, especially bunches of cherries with a white place left on the red for the high light. Our sunsets were very gorgeous. My specialty was stage-coaches, the old-fashioned

four-horse kind we had ridden on in the mountains. I also made them in cardboard with wheels that really turned and thread reins connecting the six galloping horses—my horses always had all four feet off the ground at once, their speed was so terrific, like the horse ridden by Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck.

But to return to my first love-affair. When My Artist said good-by to me that autumn he added that he knew he should hear of me some day as a fellow painter, and I quite gravely promised that he should and for years painted with that promise in my mind.

When we were living in Washington a plumber came one day to fix the kitchen boiler, and he looked so like Mr. Phillips that I was sure it must be he; and after watching him work for some time—soldering with bright lead heated in a portable charcoal stove seemed an even more noble and entrancing operation than painting—I asked him if he were not Mr. Phillips; but he said no, his name was Mike Dulen. I was fearfully disappointed but politely answered: "I beg your pardon, I thought you might be Mr. Phillips come to see me in disguise." Later, in talking it over with the cook, the plumber's comment was: "Begorra, I felt as lonesome as me first communion, she looked that disappointed at me bein' no wun but meself."

CHAPTER X

MAMMY

WHEN I was nine years old my family moved to Washington, and there I lived until I grew up, a change of environment that did a great deal for Una Mary in giving her a broader horizon.

As soon as we reached Washington a colored nurse was engaged for us—Mammy. We are still her "family," and she works for us intermittently as the mood seizes her, dividing her loyalty between my mother and a convent of Roman Catholic nuns. She was so black that when she first gave me a bath I rubbed my wet hand on hers, sure the color would come off. She was the old-fashioned kind of nurse, a real Mammy, and to please her I changed the counting-out rhyme we had used in Cincinnati:

"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe.
If he hollers let him go,
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

Mammy said there were no niggers since the War, only "colored pussons," so I changed that line to:

"Catch a fellow by the toe."

She herself had been a slave, born on a plantation down South and brought up in the "Before the War" atmosphere, with all its typical affection, superstition, and plantation songs and stories.

"Oh, dem golden shoes!
Oh, dem silver slippers!
We's all a gwine to wear dem
Walkin' in the streets ob gold,"

is a verse I remember from one song. Instead of lacing boots of calf, how those gold and silver slippers did appeal to me!

She told me stories about animals, the very ones that have been collected as "Uncle Remus," and there were many others I have never seen published. She had always heard them as a child down on the Plantation, and there were also stories of the Saints, as she was a Roman Catholic.

When we first arrived in the city we went to a boarding-house kept by a Southern lady, and at the table were several typical politicians, the first ones I had ever seen in the flesh and less superhuman than I had been led to suppose from Pat's descriptions of them. Two of them were Congressmen, and when I inquired for their roosters, as I had seen none about, they replied with a laugh that they were Republicans at that table and did not need roosters to do their crowing for them.

I lost all interest in them after that and was secretly relieved, for surely Democratic Congressmen would be more what Pat had painted them to be, probably glorified versions of the "Colonel," for at the house there was also the traditional Southern Colonel, a Democrat and, as I now suspect, a professional lobbyist. But at that time he impressed me greatly with his thick, white hair, bushy eyebrows, frock coat, soft hat, and flamboyant collar. His manners were so elegant that he always addressed my father as "Sir," even after I had assured him that we had no title in the family, and he called me "Miss Una." I felt really solemn over that and was glad Mamma had let my hair begin to grow. It had already reached the round-comb length.

I often used to see the Colonel afterward sitting on a bench in the Park smoking a cigar, the curling smoke seeming a fitting atmosphere for his genial, expansive leisure. He habitually wore a carnation in his buttonhole, and when we met he always took it out and gallantly pinned it to my coat, kissing my hand when he had done so, just as if I were really the Princess Una Mary. His ivory-headed cane, disguised as a riding horse, was always at the command of my two sisters. Mammy highly approved of him, and we were allowed to talk to him as much as we liked, though most of

the other people in the Park whom I thought looked nice we were kept severely away from by Mammy's sniff of "Huh, dat's no quality. Dat's jest po' white trash." I was always abashed by these social mistakes and finally decided it was like my inability to hear omens spoken by the Sacred Tree—I evidently also lacked the instinct to recognize "quality."

After several weeks of hunting, a house was decided upon and in we moved. I disliked the house for itself, and it gave me a most forlorn, homesick feeling to see the Cincinnati furniture arranged differently in rooms that it had never seen before. It must all feel so lost. Things that had been side by side for all those years were, some of them, separated by the length of a room or banished to a different part of the house. All the social relationships were broken up. It was as drastic as the French Revolution. The only spot that remained impregnable was the dining-room. The furniture there could not be shifted about. It all belonged together. And for the first two or three weeks the dining-room was my one refuge, the only room where Una Mary felt at home. There I used to stay cramped under the velvet cloth that covered the table between meals—it was my paladin's tent —and make up stories inspired by the little chinks of firelight which shone through the mica front of

the Latrobe below the black-marble mantelpiece. That fire was in turn my setting sun, setting in a bank of dark clouds—the fire where I burned my witches and later the heart of the Inferno, with eager, glowing Imps and once the Devil himself busy among the coals.

The one joy of the house was the back yard, and here, in a shady corner, we made a wild-flower garden, for Washington was then so small that we could easily walk, even wheeling the baby carriage, into the real country, where we could pick wild flowers and dig up plants for our gardens—we each had our own, my sister and I. I planted yellow and white violets in mine as well as blue ones and lady's-slippers and bloodroot. They were the great glory of the back yard, those two wild gardens, with the high, red-flowered trumpet-vine that draped the side of the house above them. There was a peach-tree, too, beside them, that blossomed beautifully, and a gourd vine grew over the shed—the pink shed, the color of peach-blossoms, on the roof of which one could bask in the sun and enjoy a commanding view of all the other back yards in the block, even those that fronted on the next street.

It was in one of these that I discovered my future uncle, the man who soon afterward married my aunt and was always one of my greatest admira-

tions. When I first saw him from the shed roof he was sawing a board in his yard, and on his head, instead of a hat, he wore a red Turkish fez. I had never seen one before and liked it, so I gave a hail to the wearer, and when he invited me over I dropped down into his yard and helped him carpenter while he told me about Morocco, where he had recently been on a trip around the world. He was a geologist, a born explorer, and I loved his stories of travel; so that visit was the beginning of many back-yard calls. One day I cut my finger, and he brought me home by the front door to explain to my mother; so the family began to know him, and very soon he had married my aunt and belonged to us.

It took a great deal of courage to jump down into the black gulf of the alley from the shed roof. A Real Girl once spent the day with me, and to show off before her I gathered all my courage together, shut my eyes, and jumped. Then I dared her to follow. She was afraid but refused to get down any other way; so for two hours she sat weeping on the roof until I, in desperation, told her that I had really been afraid to do it myself, which so cheered her that she jumped off at once quite fearlessly.

We jumped a great deal when we were out walking in the country, and my uncle, who often went

with us, told us never to be afraid to jump across a hole just because it was deep. Depth had nothing to do with the question, which was solely whether or not it was too far across. It made no difference whether it was one foot deep or twenty. This struck me as a profound maxim for the whole of life, and I applied it so logically to climbing that one night I appeared at a third-story window of my uncle's house, a few houses away from ours, having walked along the copper gutter that ran the length of the block. The whole family was horrified, but I pointed out that I knew I could walk on the gutter, so what did it matter how high up it was? But my uncle, whom I had badly frightened, suddenly coming like a ghost out of the night—he was tying a necktie in front of the mirror and saw me reflected in it as I balanced on the sill—did not at all agree with this application of his principle.

Between our house and the next on one side there was a space, but the two houses were connected by a sort of Bridge of Sighs made by two large wooden closets suspended in air. One opened off my room and the other belonged to the next house, with a nailed-up door between. Why they were ever built I do not know, but in that closet, hanging over space, with its window toward our yard, was my special lair and here I always played dolls.

I had no friends the first year we lived in Washington. I missed Harry dreadfully, and, as my sisters were too young to play with, my mother still ill a great deal, and my father very busy, I was thrown back upon myself more than ever, and playing with dolls, when she was not reading or "pretending," became Una Mary's absorbing occupation.

I had two favorite dolls, Elizabeth and Isabella. Isabella was made of French bisque china, as it was called, jointed at the shoulders and hips, had golden curls and eyes that shut. She was given to me by my uncle-to-be and was a person one could dress very fashionably, she had such innate style. I made her the most ravishing clothes, the sort I should have liked to wear myself.

In my closet there was an old Chinese basket as tall as I, the "Canton Basket," brought back by some sea-captain ancestor, and in it were kept all the pieces of cloth that were too large to go into the rag-bag, and any of these I was allowed to cut up for dolls' dresses. I had to stand on a chair in order to reach down into the basket, and there, perilously tottering on a very rickety one, I used to dive blissfully down, dragging up fascinating, unexpected treasures, bits of velvet, silk, lace, or muslin of many periods and patterns, for the family since the days of my grandmother had kept their

"pieces" in the Canton Basket. It was so deep I never got to the bottom except once. Then I leaned over, reaching the full length of my arm, tugging at an end of apple-green velvet sprigged with flowers, lost my balance, out the chair jumped from under me, and into the basket I plunged head first, and was fished out by the legs by Mammy. Later, when I made my own instead of my dolls' clothes, I went to the basket each time I wanted a new blouse or trimming for a hat, until one of my friends said: "That basket of yours must be as close-packed as the box Pandora opened." I have never liked any clothes as well as those I made from scraps from the Canton Basket.

My other favorite doll, Elizabeth, was bought one Christmas with money a cousin had sent me from California—the cousin who gave me my Minerva silver. I selected her myself. She had a kid body, bisque head and hands—one finger was gone when I got her—and for hair there was pasted on her head some brownish lamb's wool. She was not beautiful. I knew that quite well. And she was broken. I saw that, too, and pitied her accordingly; and no amount of argument on the part of my mother and aunt, who were with me, could persuade me not to buy her. She appealed to something deep within me the instant I saw her lying there among the ringleted blond and brown

haired beauties. She was as unlike a Real Doll as I was unlike a Real Girl; so we simply belonged together, and I loved her better than I did all the others, even more than I did my Big Doll brought to me from Paris, who was the size of a real child and the climax of all that Paris could achieve. The Big Doll was my great pride, but Elizabeth was my love.

I made all the clothes for my dolls and used to sew on them on Sundays quite as much as on other days. No one ever told me not to until Mammy came. She was perfectly horrified and told me that every stitch I sewed on Sunday I should have to rip out with my teeth when I got to Purgatory.

She drew very vivid pictures of Purgatory, a place I had never heard of before, and she also touched lightly on Hell, a place she scarcely dared to mention above her breath, but which to me, from the little she did say, held a dreadful sort of charm, with the same fascination I found in an old book one of my friends had discovered in her attic, "The Tortures of the Spanish Inquisition." We used to read it by the hour, hidden under the cloth of the dining-table, which was as dungeon-like a place as we could find. From Mammy I heard, too, for the first time of the Devil, the King of Purgatory and Hell. He came to me as quite a new and delightful personage. I am sure Mammy

loved the creeps and shudders the thought of him gave her. I did, and would have felt his loss deeply if any one had been able to persuade her that he was not real—I felt certain my Imp must be one of his near relations. Her description of the Devil was most realistic and detailed. I met him in his full glory of horns, hoofs and forked tail, breathing brimstone and fire, running over the earth eager and ingenious to create mischief, for it was mischief, not actual malice, that seemed his pleasure. As Mammy described him it was really the body of the Devil animated by the spirit of Puck. Of course, he was likable and at the same time a person so clever that it was a real triumph to circumvent him, and I got the best of him on the subject of Sunday sewing.

I had tried to rip out stitches with my teeth, thinking I would learn how to do it before I reached Purgatory, but found it was quite impossible. Not one stitch could I start, so I gave up sewing on Sundays until Mamma got a new sewing-machine. It was a Wilcox and Gibbs chain-stitch, the kind of machine I still feel all really nice people use, for, as my mother said: "You may like people very much, but they are never your real friends unless they have had that machine in the family." I have since found it invariably true, and with it has usually gone Canton china, another essential part of

the background of the thoroughly well-brought-up. I watched Mamma use the machine and tried it myself, and found I could run it quite easily. Then I took one of the seams I had sewed and chewed at it until I had started the end, when with one whiz of crinkled thread I pulled the whole thing out with my teeth! After that I did all my Sunday sewing on the sewing-machine, feeling it would only be an added pleasure to rip it out in Purgatory, and with a deep satisfaction at having gotten the best of the Devil.

Mammy also presented to me the quite new idea of modesty. I had only heard of it before from the two old ladies in the country who still secured it for themselves by wearing hoops. But this modesty of Mammy's was different. So far as I could gather, it displeased the Saints and the Devil to see naked little girls, and they could see them straight through the walls of houses everywhere except in bathrooms—they seemed to have no objection to baths—and neither could they see them through clothes. So I learned a system of dressing and undressing under the tent-like shelter of my petticoat, a garment so small it only covered my head, but I had the optimism of the ostrich and felt my modesty secured. No reason was given for this dislike of nakedness, but to me it seemed quite plausible, remembering my old idea that

Death pulled the skeleton out through a piece of bare skin. It was certainly best to be on the safe side!

I used to read a great deal to myself. My favorite book now was Howard Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood." I lived that, winter and summer, and in the life of My Country, Una Mary, instead of being a Princess in Disguise, became Ellen-a-Dale, and Edward was Little John, while the Forest of Enchantment needed only a change of name to be ready made as Sherwood Forest; and it was very consoling to call the Imp the Sheriff of Nottingham, whom everybody combined to torment.

I used to read perched on the arm of a big chair that stood in the bay window of the parlor, screened from the rest of the room by some large potted plants. A rubber-tree, of course, was among them, an inevitable part of the Boston inheritance. But the gracious lady of them all—I named her René—was my pink oleander tree, my very own, which I had raised myself from a small slip brought me by Aunt Louisa, an old colored woman who worked for us and "enjoyed misery." It was in a bottle, its roots just starting, when she gave it to me. I took all the care of it myself, and when I was ten it was taller than I and had twice been a cascade of pink flowers. How Una Mary had loved it!

I used to wash and stroke the glossy leaves and carry single flowers, when it was in bloom, to decorate my Altar to the Virgin. The second time it blossomed was most opportune, for Mamma was going to have a party and the President's wife was coming, the beautiful young White House bride—almost a real Princess she seemed to me. I spent the whole afternoon washing each leaf of the oleander in her honor, for surely I felt that would be the first thing her eyes would light upon.

The whole house was full of the excitement of preparation. It was the first grown-up party we had given. The kitchen was sticky with cake frosting and raisins. All the morning Mammy and I had stoned them, assisted by the baby, who got in everybody's way but was called "Pudden en Plush" through it all, showing the state of amiability that prevailed, for that was Mammy's term of highest approbation.

Then after an early supper had come the excitement of dressing Mamma. Her wavy hair was done in puffs on top of her head, and she wore the heirloom brocade, the family splendor that had first been worn at a ball given by the Empress Josephine, and had been made over for each generation since. My grandmother had that winter sent it on to Mamma with the other great family dress, the pink piña that was brought back by Perry's expe-

dition to Japan. They are both still being worn, these dresses, almost as immortal as old lace. I wish we had pictures of them in their various incarnations. It would be a history of fashions for a hundred years. They are charming dresses to wear. They are so full of the ghosts of great and gay occasions, one seems to slip on the happiness that steeps their shining folds.

For the party Mamma had the brocade, which was itself a warm old ivory, made up with some green velvet and the lace fichu that had belonged to a famous belle of my great-grandmother's day who had had, so tradition said, forty proposals. I have the lace now, and I wish it might whisper to me some of the secrets it must know. It is such beautiful lace she would have worn it on many of the occasions when she proved invincible!

I thought Mamma looked simply regal when she was dressed and for the first time was absolutely satisfied with her personal appearance. Even Una Mary was satisfied, and the Imp was abashed into silence. At last her clothes did her credit, and for her, at least, the family curse seemed lifted and about to stay lifted, for there was an awe-inspiring dressmaker in Washington who gave me fashion-plates to cut out for paper dolls which were the supreme of elegance, and Mamma could be dressed in copies of any of them.

I had to go to bed before the party began, so I tucked Elizabeth behind a portière with just one eye peeping out, that she, at least, might see it all. But Mammy, who helped pass the ice-cream, stumbled over her and kicked her under the sofa, so she never saw another thing, and from the upper landing where, wrapped in a blanket, I was listening, I heard Mammy say: "Dis house am certain hanted wid dolls. I done swept dis room myself!"

To the colored servants we owed a great many thrills. Mamma was ill most of the time, and my father was busy writing during his spare moments, so in order not to disturb either of them we had to be very quiet when we were in the house, except in our play room, which was off in a wing directly above the kitchen, and, as Mammy was eminently sociable, we were quite as apt to stay in the kitchen itself. The best time there was just after dinner while the dishes were being washed. Then Mammy would sit beside the stove "Pattin' Juba" and singing a sort of wailing dance while I double-shuffled, flapping my feet in time to her song, as loose-jointed as any pickaninny, and Aunt Louisa and the cook jerked their shoulders and swayed their whole bodies to the rhythm as they kept on washing dishes. Their work over, Aunt Louisa would take out her pipe and begin to smoke while

Mammy cracked chincapins or butternuts that had been sent to some of them from the country, and the real business of the evening began for me. Stories! Often I read fairy-tales aloud to them, or, better still, they took turns telling stories of "hants" and "Night Doctors."

Of course I always wore a proper graveyard rabbit's foot around my neck. Mammy had provided me with that when she had only been with us for a week. I also wore, strung on the same string with it, a horse-chestnut to keep off rheumatism. The ideas of servants seemed more like Una Mary's world than any other grown-ups' point of view I knew, for no one else seemed to believe in talismans and spirits. Mammy had ghosts while I had Goddesses and Fairies, which simply meant that we moved in different social circles of the invisible world as we did in this, but it was all quite understandable. Even now I cannot bear to walk under a ladder.

Aunt Louisa had one ghost who particularly shadowed my imagination. He caught hold of your heels if you went up-stairs in the dark. I have felt him reaching for me again and again, and have only just jerked my foot away in time, saying, as Mammy did when she "felt" a ghost,

"Debbil, Debbil, hole him back,
I's a Christian ef I's black,"

a charm that so far has always worked, for neither Mammy nor I ever actually saw a ghost, though often we had the "ghost feel" to our skins. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, cold shivers would run all over me and my hands would get damp and clammy, and Mammy said I had walked through a ghost. She often did in the dark, and she was sure a murder must once have been committed at the head of the back stairs, for she always felt that way when she passed there at dusk. She would have died rather than go down the back stairs in the dark, and the cook had heard moans coming from that direction. Aunt Louisa was a person who saw ghosts, and it was only, we felt, because she slept at her own house that the back-stairs' ghost was never seen. But always in the dark the Imp would remind me that It was there.

Night Doctors were even worse than ghosts. They stole the bodies from cemeteries and cut them up at the medical schools. They were responsible, really, for most of the ghosts in Washington, for a body that was cut up and destroyed left no resting-place for the soul when it came down from Purgatory, as most souls had to now and then to finish up their neglected Earth affairs. So it simply had to wander about a homeless "hant." Even better than dissecting dead bodies, the Night Doctors liked to kidnap living people and cut them up while still alive.

Aunt Louisa would never go into a Department Store because she said behind the counters there were trap-doors, arranged by the Night Doctors, that flew open if you stepped on them, especially if you were a "Colored Pusson," and let you down into one of a series of underground passages that honeycombed the whole city, all leading to Ford's Theatre, where Lincoln had been shot, and now the place where the bodies were cut up. Aunt Louisa knew one man who had escaped from there, but only after they had cut off one of his ears.

They also liked to get live people to pull out their teeth to make them up into sets of false teeth, for if they made up the teeth of dead people into sets the mouths of the people who wore them would always be "hanted." Mammy said, "I ain't gwine run the resk of false teef ef I's 'bliged to gum my corn pone," and I was thankful, indeed, that all of my family had their own teeth. I carefully buried all of the first teeth I was shedding at this time to prevent their falling into the hands of the Night Doctors. I felt it might somehow react on me if they got hold of them.

We always went to as many funerals as we could. Mammy got me to look up the death notices each day in the paper, so whenever there was a really big funeral or any sort of masonic or military one —Mammy would have walked her feet to the bone to follow a band—we might have been seen, with-

out Mamma's knowledge, of course, standing in front of the crowd opposite the house, my sister, Mammy, and I, holding tightly to the baby's carriage, watching each detail, from the arrival of the undertaker to the departure of the hearse, and almost always at the end of the long procession of hacks there would be a buggy in which sat two men. These, Mammy said, were the Night Doctors, who always came to funerals in order to follow and see where the grave was dug. Then in the night they could come and dig up the body. Sometimes, when the cemetery was not too far, we followed, too, and saw the group of people, the two men a little on the outskirts, standing about the grave while the casket was lowered into the ground. Tears of sympathy rolled down Mammy's cheeks as she watched, and if by any chance the body was put in a vault instead of a grave we rejoiced greatly, for then it would be safe from the Night Doctors.

Curiously enough, I got very little association with Death and none of the horror the thought of Death had given me, as a small child, from these funerals. They were simply a pageant, the service of a strange cult. They were the beginning of art for my youngest sister, for as soon as she could hold a pencil she began to draw cemeteries, and when she was three she made complete graveyards

with stones cut out of paper so they stood up on the lid of a box, with holes behind them in which she could bury dead flies.

Death, to me, was quite different, something very vivid and terrible. A pet white rabbit had died. In the morning he was perfectly well, scampering about the yard when I let him out and eating from my hand. A few hours later I had come home from school and found him lying stiff and cold in the corner of his box, a leaf of untouched lettuce beside him. The full pathos of Death clutched my heart at the sight of the lettuce leaf, the poor little rabbit aloof and indifferent beside it, little rabbit as strange and remote from his real self as I should be if Una Mary ran away and left me only Una. I wondered if that was what had happened to him. Had his Una Mary gone and left him so broken-hearted that he had died?

We never missed any sort of public spectacle, Mammy, the baby carriage, my sister, and I. Mammy had an instinct for them that almost amounted to second sight, so even when they were things we could not possibly know about beforehand, like fires, there we always were, arriving usually with the fire-engines. We also saw a number of negro fights in back alleys, Mammy first shouting to some one: "Is dey razors or pistils?" If it was pistols we stayed away, but razors we never

missed. Fortunately, we three children were too small to see much through the packed ring of spectators, but Mammy stood on the hubs of two wheels of the baby carriage and got a specially fine view, and I was thrilled by the contagion of the excitement of the crowd and the wild rush at the end to "get away before the Cops come."

Strange were the places to which that baby carriage penetrated with Mildred and me on either side of it, and, thanks to Mammy, our horizon was certainly broadened in many ways unplanned by our parents, and from her we all caught a great gusto for events.

It was on one of these walks that we went to Rock Creek to see a great Baptist Revival. The preacher stood on the bank dressed in a silk hat, black trousers, and shirt-sleeves, though it was November, and kept calling to the people behind him: "Come erlong breddren and sisteren, jest one drap under and yo gwine find yo Saviour here in de bottom ob de Creek." And then we saw them dipped, all dressed in very premeditated-looking white-ruffled muslins, and I decided never to become a Baptist when I saw the sopping, gasping creatures come out again. But Mammy admired it greatly and said she hadn't anything against being a Catholic, only she had once been "baptized by the Baptists fo' to be on de safe side and not go

down to Hell becase I'd only jes hed my kinks sopped." This made me a little nervous as I knew I had never been baptized in any way, but Papa, when I asked him about it, said it was not at all necessary. So I told Mammy white people didn't have to have it done—they went to Heaven, anyhow—only colored people had to be baptized, and if they were very black I guessed it was best to be on the safe side and to be put in all over.

CHAPTER XI

MY ALTAR TO THE VIRGIN

THE profound sensation of those first few months in Washington was the city itself with its wide, tree-bordered streets of smooth asphalt, numerous parks, and staggering, dream-like public buildings.

I had never seen any architecture more pretentious than the big hotel in Cincinnati and the Square with the fountain between it and the railway station and the Boston State House, which up to this time had been my ideal of grandeur; so my first sight of the White House, flanked by the Treasury and the War Department, quite took my breath away, and I succumbed utterly to the Capitol, supreme above the city, with the great flight of steps and terraces as a pedestal for the splendid proportions leading to the shining dome above. Never had I dreamed of such magnificence. All I had imagined the Alhambra to be sank into insignificance before this serene reality.

It became to me the symbol of patriotism—what

government really meant—for to me it was less a building than a monument; like a vast statue of some modern Sphinx, its paws spread out at ease upon its pedestal—broad, generous, capable paws —and welcoming the world to come and question above them the noble, clear-cut flanks, and the joyous, inscrutable, argus-eyed head. I felt the words used about Washington really described this new Sphinx of Liberty: "First in War, First in Peace." It was, above all, peaceful, but, once roused, unconquerable. Those paws would strike to kill.

The Washington Monument I could not understand. It looked larger then than it has since. It was unfinished, but the workmen had already nearly reached the top, and each day the great nets, hung on all sides to catch them if they fell, grew smaller as they drew in toward the point. The nets, making the top clumsy instead of delicate, gave it all a larger scale, so that the day it was finished—we saw through opera-glasses when they put the capstone on—and the nets were taken down I felt terribly disappointed in it. It seemed suddenly slender to insignificance. I was sure no foreigner would ever notice it and certainly would not believe it was the tallest building in the world. I could not believe it myself. It was some weeks before I got over my feeling and at all grasped its

true beauty, but when I did I knew it was more beautiful even than the Capitol. That was a statue; the Monument was pure spirit and became for me a symbol of all perfection.

The stretch of Park from the Capitol grounds below the Avenue to the White Lot behind the White House, ragged and unkempt as much of it was in those days, and fronting on the market, the Pennsylvania Station, and general dilapidation of semi-slums, was still most impressive to me. It seemed such a big stretch of trees to be in the heart of a city, like the park of some castle, and in it there was what seemed like a transformed castle built of stone with real towers, the Smithsonian Institution, now used as a Museum, and beside it was the National Museum, where my father had his laboratories, and there I always spent my Saturdays.

I used to take an umbrella with me less for fear of rain than for the pride it was to carry it past the doorkeeper instead of having to check it like the general public, showing I really belonged at the Museum. That proud moment over, I walked past the cases of George Washington's clothes and household effects, turned to the left, and went under the models of the giant squid and huge octopus, so large they filled up the ceiling of a whole room, and yet they were only life-sized, a fact I

deeply resented; then up-stairs, the chemical smell meeting me half-way up, to the tower where the laboratories were. There I deposited my umbrella in Papa's office, and then the whole Museum was mine to wander in at will. I was always torn between the Indian collection, the stuffed animals, or the minerals, but, whatever I did, I always went first to see the Japanese lady and gentleman who have for so many years carried on a flirtation from separate cases across the main aisle. The man seems to take the whole affair as rather a joke; so, perhaps, it is as well that they are so far apart. Her heart might have been broken if they had been allowed to meet, or perhaps, after all, she has only been leading him on all these years since they were "Presented by the Emperor of Japan in 1876."

At noon I lunched with Papa in the private dining-room with the other scientists of the Museum and the Smithsonian. How kind to me they were, those dreamy transcendentalists, for that, I am sure as I look back, is what many of the scientists of that generation primarily were—dreamers, philosophers, poets, and mystics—in their passionate loyalty to truth manifest in the facts of nature, soaring on sure wings of new-found hypotheses fearless through limitless space to greet the rising sun! Theirs was the Vision of the Future, theirs

to find the secret of the Cosmos and at its centre the all-searching mind of man, Incarnate Reason, only lower than "The One" or, some even thought, itself omnipotent. No mystic in the cloister, his hours occupied with the daily round of service, his soul suffused with raptures of the Infinite, lived a less worldly life than these busy men, each smallest detail of their work a forging of fresh links to bind the earth and sky, a gathering together of bewildering miscellanies into some new and shining whole.

Life, the great World Secret! Eager visionaries, careful analysts, large-brained and skilful-fingered, on they pressed, no atom too small, no sweep of space too vast to be stepping-stones on their triumphant upward way; and far behind them, the noise of their coming but a murmur in the distance, followed the onward surging multitudes of men.

That is what science meant at the height of this scientific era. It was knowledge, it was beauty, it was service of God and man. Brave, reasonable, definite, and yet singularly confused, blinded by its own clear light to half the meanings of the Universe! As a child I saw it at its very best, the noblest attitude of mind that I have ever known, the most spiritual in that the whole life was one unwavering sacrifice and devotion to a deep, unseen ideal. Their heads were among the clouds, but

their hands and feet were carefully occupied with earth, for there must be no stumbling along that eternal path.

I went as I pleased among the workrooms and laboratories, and no question of mine was too foolish for a painstaking answer and no occupation of theirs too profound to be interrupted in order to give me help. Half of my education and half of what I am I owe to those Saturdays with their desultory wanderings among the collections, all vitalized and vivified by long talks with these men, who were easy to understand, as really great men are.

Science so personified touched the depths of Una Mary's imagination, and those Museum days stand out in my memory luminous with the glamour of My Country in an encircling mystery of dumb immensities of vision, faith, and aspiration. All my mind and my imagination were wholly satisfied, but the inmost being of my soul cried out, lonelier than before. I needed something more tangible. I could not love a Primal Cause! My ideas were too confused and fragmentary to enable me to build up any sort of Pantheistic theory. Nature to me still breathed of the Gods and Goddesses but was swept by a breadth of vision that was given me by science.

By the time I was ten years old, God had grown to mean to me a vague something behind and

through everything. Above all, He was the feeling of "Beyond" I so often had; the feeling of something I could almost but not quite grasp; the source of all the intangible feelings, those strange, unutterable waves of emotion that almost choked Una Mary. Ideas must come from somewhere, so of course He sent them and He must also send the lights we know on earth.

It was He who made the sun and moon to shine, who lit the stars at night and gave the fireflies their lights; and He sent the flame when one started a fire. To strike a match became for me a religious act, and if matches had been allowed me I might have become a fire-worshipper, for it seemed a veritable "coming of the Light of God on Earth," and if I struck the match I brought Him, I, Una Mary, had this power to bring Him out of the Unknown here into my very hand! And, most marvellous of all, on certain cold days, by scuffling over the carpet and then touching some one, I made a spark of light spring out of me, from my very finger itself, and I knew for a fleeting instant that I was a part of God, a knowledge that passed as quickly and became as vague as the unreal feeling I used to have.

At this time an Indian Priestess named Waiwa was staying with some ethnological friends of ours who had brought her on from the West in order

to study her religion. She was a Priestess of the Sun in the Zuñi Tribe. I saw her often and felt there was a peculiar bond between us, as I always wore a silver bracelet her father had made for me with the signs of all the Rain Gods carved upon it —a bracelet so sacred her father's house had been struck by lightning as soon as I began to wear it, because, so the tribe said, the Gods were angry that a "White Face" should know their symbols. I offered to give the bracelet back, but Waiwa said I might keep it because I, too, believed in the God of Light, who was the great God above all the little Gods of Cloud and Rain. She would explain it to all of them when she returned to Zuñi, but here in Washington, when she prayed to him at dawn, she could tell the Sun-God Himself that I believed. Each morning, until the police objected because so many people collected to watch her, she went dressed in her priestess's robe to a park near where she was staying and, with arms uplifted, said her prayers to the rising sun, utterly unconscious of the crowd, absolutely wrapped in the coming of the God. After the police had complained, she prayed each day from the roof instead, a place nearer to the sunrise, it seemed to me, and, as she said, more like Zuñi. How well I understood her prayers!

Mixed with this very concrete theory of light

there was the other confused idea of God, vague, vast, and unapproachable, the Primal Cause my father's scientific friends so often discussed, the unknowable, secret cause of all. Even evolution, that endless sequence, could not start without Him.

I had casually heard of Christ several years before, when I had renamed Edward as Edward-Christ, but at the Sunday-school where I now went he was never mentioned. I had not yet advanced to the class where they studied about him, but in one class, after we had finished our Old Testament lesson, our teacher used to talk to us about a person who had lived a long time ago named Jesus. She taught us several sayings of his, and I was greatly surprised to find that he was the original Dooun Tothers—judging from these sayings, his point of view seemed extraordinary. When he advised you to turn the other cheek and let some one hit you again, it was against all common sense, the only sense I valued. I tried "Blessed are the peace-makers" when two boys were fighting, but the only sense in which I "inherited the earth" was that both boys turned upon me and rolled me in the snow.

That Jesus might be the same person as my beloved Christ never dawned upon me until Mammy told me about Jesus Christ the son of the Virgin. Then I began to think about him a great

deal and felt sure he and Edward were the same. There could not be more than one "Invisible Friend" for me, and he might easily have several names, as I was Una and Una Mary, so I began to try and understand his sayings, and I loved the Virgin, his mother.

Mammy was a most zealous Roman Catholic and it is to her influence that I owed my next religious phase. Always when she and I were out walking alone she would take me for a moment into some church to pray, or if we were near Saint Augustine's when we were out with the baby she got the sexton to come out and "mind the carriage" while she and I went in.

Saint Augustine's—to this day I cannot pronounce it correctly, because when I went there I said it as Mammy did, with the accent on the first syllable, as if it referred to the month, as I thought it must. It is a much prettier word so, and so all the colored Catholics pronounced it, for it was really their church. Perhaps it was garish and full of tinsel—a colored church could hardly fail of being that—but to Mammy and me it seemed a place of subdued splendor, dim, purple mysteries, and palpitating glamour. As we usually went there between services, it was fairly dark, with only tiny lights hanging before the shrines and a vague aroma of incense in the air. Mammy always touched me

with holy water as soon as we were inside the heavy leather curtain that so completely shut away the outer world. The cool touch of water on my forehead made the whole place seem very real, accentuating the fact that I was really there in body and in spirit.

I have never dared go inside Saint Augustine's since I grew up—the memory of what it meant when I was a child is too dear to me, for it all satisfied a sharp inner craving in the depths of Una Mary's being, though to her mind it was unintelligible and unexplained, for Mammy was certainly no theologian and no one else ever talked to me about Catholicism. But it became a very real part of those first years in Washington, for, better than anything else, I liked going to church with Mammy.

She sang in the choir and often took me to mass, depositing me in a pew in charge of one of her friends while she went up to the mysterious loft above, and there I heard all the glorious, rich, emotional church music sung by a well-trained choir of superb negro voices—the first real music I had ever heard, for as no one in our family played we had no piano, and the musical side of me would have starved much longer if it had not been for Saint Augustine's.

The service that I loved best was Benediction,

still the most beautiful service of all in the Roman Church, it seems to me. To my understanding it meant nothing. No Hottentot could have been more unenlightened than I, but in the lights, the sonorous chanting of the Latin, the wonderful vestments changed so often by the bowing and bobbing little acolytes, the shining rosette of golden rays on a slender, golden pedestal which was taken from the narrow box above the altar and held on high by the priest while a little bell rang and all the people bowed their heads, my own head as low as any there, and the air filled with incense from the far-swinging, silver censers, while the church trembled with soaring bursts of song from the choir, upheld by the fluting and the crashing thunder of the organ, I thrilled with a tremendous surge of response to the beauty and found a mysterious peace for Una Mary's soul.

On Christmas we always went to early mass. We got up while it was still dark, dressed quickly, and then went out into the wan, starlit streets. Cold, crisp, and mysterious the whole world seemed, with a pallor of light in the East, and silently we hurried to church, awed by the strangeness of the hour into a dim realization of the tremendousness of the occasion, for I knew it was the birthday of my own friend Jesus Christ.

Then the sharp contrast as we came in out of

the unearthly morning to the flare of lights and crowded, festive church, all a shining glitter and glow, like being inside a Christmas tree. For years we used to go to the early Christmas mass in memory of all it meant to us as children, my sisters and I. The surges of thankfulness and awe that almost made Una Mary cry were a fitting beginning for that long day of gratitude and joys that were almost too much to believe.

Then back through the early sunlight, the air full of the blowing of Christmas horns and ringing of distant bells, each colored person we met wishing us "Crismus gif, ladies," to which we answered, "Same to you, and Merry Christmas," everybody overflowing with friendliness.

When we got home we rushed up-stairs to Mamma's room, shouting Merry Christmas, and there, sitting on her bed, we opened the presents in our stockings, one at a time in turn, so that all might see and admire. After that came breakfast with more presents piled at each plate, and often on the floor beside the table, too, and a shining Christmas tree and a statue of Santa Claus in the centre of the table, all of the day inseparably connected with and penetrated by the spirit of the early mass.

I had given up the altar to Minerva when we came to Washington, and as yet nothing had come

to take its place. I loved the Roman Catholic Church, but I longed for something more intimate, something I could understand, and that should be my own, and I envied Mammy her religion, for it was the first time I had ever seen any one to whom religion meant the sort of thing it meant to me. When we went away for the summer Mammy always slept in my room, and I saw her say her rosary and I knew there were mysterious little bags hung around her neck—all, she told me, to help her say her prayers and protect her from the Devil. If a thunder-storm came during the night she would get up, light a blessed candle, and tell me a story of the Saints, both of us convinced no house could be struck by lightning in which a blessed candle burned; or if a storm came in the daytime we each took hold of an end of a piece of palm saved for just such occasions from Palm Sunday. To me this all seemed most reasonable and satisfying.

The Ave Marias were the prayers I liked best to hear her repeat, and I loved them especially because they were the first prayers I had heard that were anything but a vague horror, so I decided that I, too, would worship and pray to the Virgin. I liked her for herself, the images I saw of her looked so like a transcendent doll—I made a blue cloak like hers for my favorite doll Elizabeth—so now

she took the place of Minerva, but nearer and dearer because she was the mother of Jesus Christ, my own Edward-Christ, whom I now always called Jesus but thought of still as my own perpetual companion.

I went to school at the house of some friends near us. Their governess had a class of about a dozen children. How I hated it—all dull drudgery of learning by heart! There were both boys and girls, but we were not allowed to play with the boys during recess, they were considered too rough, and the girls were the fluffy, Real-Girl kind. To escape from them I spent my time during recess where they were afraid to follow—near the top of a large weeping-willow tree that stood in the grounds. And there, in a crotch of the main trunk, absolutely hidden by the trailing branches, I used to sit alone. I made it my Church, and it was here that I set up my altar to the Virgin.

Above my seat was a deep, round hole, where a branch had once grown, like the hole in the old Sacred Apple-Tree, where I had listened for the omens, and as such holes still kept an aroma of sanctity to my mind I knew this was the place where the sacred treasures must be kept like the box above the altar at Saint Augustine's.

Here I kept the Minerva quartz crystal now transformed into a jewel for the Madonna; a bit of

turquoise, because I knew blue was her color; a beautiful lace-paper valentine that I pretended was the service-book from which I had seen the priests read. I used a small cardboard box filled with pink cotton for my altar. Of course, the cotton never showed, but I liked knowing it was there and I felt it must please the Virgin, too. For my altar-cloth I used an old, blue-silk pincushion cover embroidered with pansies and edged with lace. All these I set up each day in the crotch of the tree, with much bowing and absolute inward reverence. It was not a game I played, but something that was fundamentally necessary to Una Mary, and surely the Virgin while she watched me smiled upon me as she did upon my "Lady's Tumbler," and perhaps the tears came to her eyes when she heard me tell my beads, for those beads were the greatest treasure that I had, and to her I dedicated them. They had been the fringe of a bead bag made by my great-grandmother, broken in places, so I had been able to persuade my mother to let me cut it off and restring the beads—she had supposed for dolls' necklaces—and I had made them into my rosary with a bead cross at the end. I had no idea what a cross meant, but there was one on Mammy's rosary, so mine ended in one, too.

It was very difficult to stay safely perched, kneeling on the limb of a tree while both hands were

occupied with my beads, but there I knelt heroically, the bark cutting into my shins; and while I prayed I gazed above my altar up to the sky glinting blue, Madonna blue, through the shifting tendrils of the willow twigs with their graceful tracery of leaves, all a fitting background for the picture of Our Lady that my imagination painted there. I understood why the old Florentines painted her so often against a background of foliage and sky. It is a fitting symbol of her, the fairest green of earth, smiling as it lifts itself to touch the sky. A deep, piercing, personal love of her was in my heart as I told my beads. Instead of using Mammy's prayer I made up one of my own. I said one word to each bead, and it exactly went into the rosary twice with Amen at the cross.

"Virgin Mary, Mother mild,
Take me for your other child,
And safe with Jesus let me play
Through the whole of every day.
Bless my family and my friends,
And give us love that never ends."

If some one at this period had gotten hold of me and made the Roman Church as clear to my understanding as it was to my heart and that vague organ of intuition, my soul, I should probably have drifted gradually and happily into its fold. But Una Mary was not to find her salvation there.

Mammy, after several years, left us for a time, and with her going there was nothing left to link me with Saint Augustine's, and, though I occasionally went by myself to Vespers, it was not the same thing. Without Mammy I felt an alien. It was destined to be years before any church had real meaning for me. Years of struggle between my heart and my mind were before me to prepare me for that blinding miracle of conversion.

When I was nine years old my parents decided I was mature enough to be taught definitely something about religion, so I was sent to the Unitarian Sunday-school, but, unfortunately, it was both too early and too late: too early for me to get the least idea of the sort of clarity and philosophic calm I might have found in Unitarianism if I had come to it fully matured; and too late for me as a child to be led gradually and coldly toward it, for all my religious emotional side was already awake and through Una Mary's worship and her love of beauty had been fed and stimulated for years.

The religion that ignored beauty, that made reason and the intellect supreme could mean nothing to me, for the highest things I knew were those intuitions, those glimmerings of infinity which came to me through beauty and through love. They were so far beyond the grasp of my intellect

that my mind could only bow itself in humility before them. They were even higher, I knew, than the sweeping, world-embracing theories of science.

Righteousness, fearlessness, and endurance were the paths of life the Unitarians taught. Perhaps nothing could be better fitted to some temperaments, perhaps nothing else could make of them as true and earnest men and women, but with my temperament love, obedience, and worship were what I had to give—obedience to the intuitions that came through beauty, through the ache of the world, through joy, and from the sense that I was part of the heart of everything; love that bound me with its filaments to all that came within my range of being; and worship that overflowed unbidden, as joyous as the birds singing with the dawn, or bitter with the pain of tears, or exultant as the wind-swept sea—worship that bowed itself before the Great Beyond revealed through nature and the Gods, the Great Unknown who was all in all; whose will was power, that boding of an infinite energy before which the solid world might crumble and vanish into dust, whose heart was love, a pouring of unending comfort as life-giving and unheeded as the air we breathe.

I had thought when I went to Sunday-School that Una Mary would feel thoroughly at home,

would come to her own at last, but poor Una Mary could not find a place to rest the sole of her foot in that building decorated in drab and terra-cotta American Gothic, where we were taught the names of books of the Old Testament and lists of Kings and Judges but were never given the Bible itself. We used lesson books about the Bible instead. Everything religious in me rebelled, and Una Mary shrank back further than before.

Una rather enjoyed herself by falling violently in love with a pretty young Sunday-school teacher who wore a pale-blue feather in her hat. Our teachers were all fine, conscientious men and women, actuated, no doubt, by the highest motives. Their only fault—to me it was a fundamental one—lay in their lack of imagination to see that religion might mean worship even to a child. Surely a church can give her children worship! My colored Mammy gave it to me through her own deep, ignorant piety.

No wonder the average child hates Sunday-school, just a dull mass of petty drudgery unillumined and unexplained. This one was only typical of many in all denominations. It was the Sunday-school of the period rather than primarily that of the Unitarian Church, a type that I feel sure must be passing fast, for with all the changes in education the teaching of religion must change, too,

and there is now some hope that it may become actually the teaching of religion rather than a smattering of dubious facts from Hebrew History poured in helter-skelter. We often had talks from visiting ministers, and a key to the whole difficulty may be found, I think, in the fact that most of them began their talks either with "As I look at the rows of your bright young faces before me" or "My dear little ones," and yet those same men in their home life were probably sensible and understanding fathers. If only they might have applied the same intelligence to their Sunday-schools!

The church where Mamma occasionally took me when she was well enough was plain but not simple; the ornaments and proportions were all wrong, it seemed to me, both in the decoration of the building and in the arrangement of the service. It was neither severe nor rich, but had the touch of certain home-made clothes. I had once been to a Quaker Meeting where the absolute bareness of the building and the unadorned homely service conducted by the people themselves, with its long, peaceful silences while each soul listened for the voice of the Spirit, had satisfied me as completely as the beauty of Saint Augustine's. The Quaker service had even seemed to me in its simplicity of a higher type of beauty, like the Washington Monument. I felt that either extreme was right. The

Unitarian service seemed to fall to pieces half-way between them.

The music was given by a quartet who faced the congregation, standing in front of the organ beside the pulpit, and when the tenor sang, "There shall no evil befall thee," it seemed only his pompous personal opinion and none of his business anyway. The two ladies in the choir always wore very sumptuous hats, and those, I remember, I really enjoyed.

The congregation was made up in large measure of the most intelligent and cultivated people, an intellectual aristocracy. Most of them would have died for a principle, but their worship lacked generosity and warmth. I thought the minister and all the people felt they were doing God a favor in being there at all. Una Mary was smothered. It all plunged me in overwhelming depression and made me blind to the restrained spirituality that must have been there, deep in the hearts of many. But it was certainly buried too deep to create an atmosphere of worship.

It is not a peculiarity of the Unitarians, this complacent, frigid respectability that fills so many churches. It is probably less conspicuous with them than in any other Protestant body. I merely first ran across it there, and the sense of profound discouragement that I felt then must be familiar to

many ministers and priests in all denominations. Most prosperous congregations do not worship; they merely go to church. This has nothing to do with creeds. The most religious man I ever knew was an agnostic scientist. It is a question of fundamental religious instinct. It makes very little difference what people think about God if they do not know God, and all the creeds in the worlds will never teach it until men will open their hearts and feel. It is pitiful, the number of hearts that must be broken before they open. Una Mary felt the light shining through the casing of her heart, but her heart, too, had to break before she really knew!

CHAPTER XII

SCHOOL AND FRIENDSHIP

SCHOOL, as I have said, was one long drudgery for the Una part of me, and Una Mary simply went to sleep or studied in her own way the subjects that were of her world.

Geography I rather liked, though it never once occurred to me that the different patches of color on the maps represented actual countries; but their shapes were interesting. I was especially attracted by the pink boot, Italy, and maps were delightful to draw into the wriggly, parallel lines for seacoast and the bands, like chain-stitch in crocheting, supposed to represent mountain ranges. I felt as if I were drawing My Country and I did make several maps of it. Latitude and longitude were as simple as right and left and seemed quite as arbitrary and important. To me they were especially real because we lived just off a meridian ourselves. The street at the corner was built directly over one, and we always coasted down Meridian Hill. Starting at "The Boundary" where the street began, down we flew, lying on our sleds face to the snow, straight

down the Meridian toward the Equator. We invariably bumped and fell off at the foot of the hill, to be sure, and the street itself was blocked by the White House at the other end, but the idea was of a globe-encircling spaciousness. It was always called Meridian Street in the old days of Washington, but now is officially named the Avenue of the Presidents, which seems fearfully provincial in comparison.

I thought of the Torrid Zone as a large sash of pink atmosphere tied about the earth, fastened by the three strings, Cancer, Capricorn, and the Equator. The inventories of exports and imports, again meaning nothing to my mind as facts, were a great pleasure to say, long lists of unending suggestions of richness and dripping sweetness if they included, as they often did, "sugar, spices, and hides"—hides were, I thought, a kind of tropical fruit—the whole series as satisfying to the imagination as the "Purple-sailed galleys of Tyre laden with rich stuffs, gold, ivory, and myrrh" which I had dreamed of in my mythology days.

Arithmetic had a certain charm because examples came out as they were supposed to in quite a magical way, simply by following what Rule said—Rule, the wizard of strange incantations, King of the little figures that seemed so active and alive, the King also of the Logarithm Table Land where

the magic was carried out on a large and much more lavish scale. In plain arithmetic one or, at most, two or three figures did all the work and gave their orders to the other numbers, but with logarithms whole rows of figures jumped out completely armed, ready for their duty and sure their cause was just, invincible!

When I first began to do lessons at home, before I went to school, Papa had given me a table of logarithms and taught me how to use them. He said it was the only scientific way to work, so all my examples were done with their help. I shall never forget the time during my first week at school when I was sent to do an example on the board and raised my hand to ask if I might get my table of logarithms which I had forgotten and left in my desk. The teacher nearly collapsed in surprise when I explained that I always used them and did not know how to do examples without them. She said I must never use them again in school as that would be cheating—how, I could not see, and she never explained, but it made me suspicious of logarithms from that day on. There was evidently an unhallowed quality about their magic. It must be black magic which they practised on the world of innocent little numbers and naughts, the little figures which were almost as full of personality as the alphabet—not quite. They were on

a lower plane, like animals, while the letters were Real People to me.

Figures and letters are bound to have peculiarly personal and concrete associations to children brought up in Washington, as most of the streets are named for one or the other. It is curious to have friends living up and down the alphabet. We lived on Q Street. It had one disadvantage because I, for instance, naturally begin the alphabet at Q. I can go forward from there to the end or backward to A, but when I am looking up words in a dictionary it seems absurd to have to begin in the middle. Q, of course, is a very special letter to me, absolutely my own. The other people who have lived on Q Street have no claim whatever. Mine is the only valid title. I almost feel as if I were in some way responsible for the little tail on it that seems to say I once lived on Q. Purely from association, of course, it was a place, while all the other letters of the alphabet were people, just the common herd if they were small letters, "po' white trash" or old families run to seed, but distinguished personages if they were capital letters, with very marked characteristics.

Could any one doubt the honest, good intentions of H? Of course he goes to town each morning, a typical commuter. He wears a brown business suit and always does his straightforward, plodding

duty. He is a person you could invariably rely upon. He would always be there but could never understand anything but the obvious. Art, literature, and music did not exist for H and he never had "feelings." S was his exact opposite, all temperament, sensitive, mercurial, and bubbling with enthusiasms. He was a great friend of Una Mary's, as he was tremendous fun and was always most unexpected and original.

G was the most conceited of all the letters, a very fashionably dressed lady with a lorgnette, and the sister of N, who was quite a dandy. He was usually dressed in a long, cutaway coat with a light waistcoat, a high hat, and wore a pink carnation in his buttonhole. His neckties were dreams—he rarely wore the same one twice—and his scarf-pins were as numerous and varied as his ties. He was really very good-looking and had charming manners, but there was a slightly shifty expression in his eye. You could not quite be sure of him, though you could trust him more than you could either J or I—it was impossible to trust either of them out of your sight for a moment. There was no telling what crookedness they might be up to.

My feeling about I was so strong that I never began my favorite words with him. For instance, it is only with a struggle that to this day I can

begin imagination with an i; for many years I began it with an e instead—it was too fine a word to spoil. And that I, myself, should have to be nothing but a capital I was just the sort of knock-down blow one had to expect from an inconsiderate world. My only consolation was that it stood only for the outside me, for Una, and in no way was a symbol of Una Mary.

They all made a world for Una Mary, these alphabet people. I first learned my letters from a set of colored alphabet-blocks, capital letters, and very great people, indeed. I used to group them in all sorts of exciting combinations, and I taught myself to read by first poring over words to see what letters were playing together and making up stories from their arrangement. At home I had splendid times with them and soon learned to read to myself quite easily and rapidly when the book was one I liked. But at school I was the poorest reader of all, for I could not care whether that reading-book cat ever lapped up her milk or not.

Some of our lessons at school were given us in French, and that was the crowning insult of all. It made us feel so self-conscious that the one bond we had in common was that it became a point of honor to try and pronounce French as if it were English instead of in the affected, pursed-up way Mademoiselle said it. We scorned the idea that it

could compare with English as a language. I think the children I pitied most were a family we played with in the Park who had a French nurse, with whom they were obliged to talk French all the time. It was to their credit that they were awfully ashamed of it themselves. Why I felt so bitter about this one language I cannot see, because I already knew and liked German, which had been taught me in Cincinnati by Lizzie and the Wonder Lady, and Harry, who was now at school in Switzerland, spoke French as well as he did English. Even his letters to me were written in French, and I had to answer them in the horrid stuff—slush we called it at school.

Poor Mademoiselle tried everything her ingenuity could invent to overcome our almost British antipathy to what she assured us was the most beautiful language in the world. The softness of the "u"—it was ecstasy, she would exclaim, her hands, in their black gloves, raised palms out, then clasped over her heart while her bonnet strings creaked and bobbed from her laugh of delight. She never took off her outside things while she taught us but kept on her long black-silk Dolman and her bonnet that had a fringe of false hair basted inside it along the front. We discovered this at a Christmas party, when she came in evening dress—without a bonnet, of course—and we

saw that she really wore her hair parted and had no bang at all. As I had never been able to decide whether to give Una Mary a bang or tied-back hair, I could wholly understand and sympathize with Mademoiselle's having a bang for work and a part for dress-up occasions.

Besides our regular lessons, she taught us games and songs. We played "Sur le pont d'Avignon" and a kind of "Going to Jerusalem" in French, and even got up a few impromptu plays. One day, when the school yard was all white with bushes of spiræa in bloom, Mademoiselle cut some of the long sprays and made them into a crown and garlands in which she decked me out for the part of Ophelia. I was fearfully pleased and felt I had almost become Una Mary and must look perfectly beautiful dressed all in flowers, until my Imp whispered: "Look at yourself in the glass." I looked and saw my thick, tow-colored pigtails braided so tight—Mammy always did them up—that they stuck straight out behind, the hair above slicked back as smooth as satin, so the wreath of flowers seemed perched on a polished ball, ready at any moment to slide off; and the sprays fastened to my shoulders were cascading over a stiff starched pinafore and a green plaid dress. Poor Una Mary, knowing exactly how she looked, could not identify herself with the part of Ophelia and was awkward and ago-

nized until her consolation came in acting Ophelia dead. This I did with great feeling, and, as I was dragged and carried about on my bier, wickedly rejoiced as I listened to the struggles of the others, for, being dead, of course I did not have to speak French. It was never a translation that we acted but a version of the play with the scenes carried out in our own words. Once I remember a war-horse was referred to as "hors de combat." I wish I could see one of those plays now. They must have quite cheered Mademoiselle. I am glad she got some pleasure out of us.

She was the sister of a famous French socialist and used to tell us during "faisons de la conversation" about "la vraie noblesse," who were "les hommes qui travaillent." A few years ago she committed suicide, more heart-broken, I hope, over "la vraie noblesse" than discouraged by the stupidity of her pupils.

One day, when French class was worse than usual, the only other worse thing happened—we were told some visitors were coming. And then in they came to hear us recite. I am sure the Gods laughed when they sent Madge into my life as a school visitor. She was brought by her mother, a tall, thin, sweet-faced woman with earrings, a blue veil, and clothes that were like Mamma's. Madge was two years older than I. I shall never

forget my sensations on first seeing her. It was the same certainty that I had found something which belonged to me that I had had when I saw Elizabeth lying among the Real Dolls, for Madge was as Un-Real Girl as I.

She was the only child I had ever seen who was dressed as I was. Needless to say, her mother came from Boston. She even wore laced boots, and that first time I saw her she had on a plaid coat with a cape—I, too, had a plaid cape, the only other one in Washington—and under it she wore a gray homespun dress with an olive-green guimpe, her hair braided in two tight, smooth plaits behind, like mine. Homespun I had always looked upon as the exclusive property of my family, like laced boots. I always had dresses or spring coats made of it—"it was so durable"—and I felt Madge must be another myself.

She was as much interested in me as I was in her, and as we glanced sideways at each other it suddenly came to me that she was more like me even than she looked. She was like Una Mary! I was sure she could be a friend of Una Mary's, that here for the first time was some one who could understand, and I became so excited that I forgot myself completely and was disgraced in the eyes of the whole school by pronouncing French correctly.

As I have said, I had had no friends in Washington, as I disliked the other girls in school and was not allowed to know the boys, and the only other boys I knew wore velvet suits and Fauntleroy collars! In our neighborhood there were very few "nice" children, though there were plenty of children, for just around the corner was one of those curious settlements of small wooden houses squatted casually down in the midst of the best residential sections which used to be so characteristic of Washington, shiftless, untidy, and genial, with fences and yards and often the houses themselves a tumbled mass of honeysuckle and roses, and in those houses abounded the joyous generations of Mammy's hated "White Trash." They used to play during the afternoon on Our Street, which was wide and shady, and I, standing alone and holding my doll in my arms inside the iron fence of our front yard, envied them with all my heart as I watched them swoop along hand in hand on roller-skates, triumphantly "snap the whip," or dash across the street playing "Prisoners' Base"; or sometimes a quiet mood would be upon them, and they would mark out mysterious diagrams for "Hop-Scotch." These I studied until I could draw one for myself, with "Horses' Heaven" at the top and every square correctly numbered. I marked it out at the foot of our front steps, and

there I used to play alone, hopping and kicking my disks, first as Una, then as Una Mary, playing them against each other. The street children had often asked me to come and play with them and I had sorrowfully said I was not allowed; but when Lily, a tall, handsome girl of sixteen, the leader of "the gang," as they were called in the neighborhood, saw me playing Hop-Scotch all alone she said: "I declare it's a shame. I'm going to ask her mother." And up our path she boldly marched, rang the bell, and demanded "the little girl's mother." I could not see how any one could refuse anything to that splendid, almost grown-up creature. I was palpitating with pride that she had cared to have me play with her, and breathlessly waited, hoping with all my being that I might be allowed to do so. But it was another of those familiar will-o'-the-wisp hopes and disappeared at the first sound of Mamma's voice, pitched in the kind, definite tone that I knew was final. She was sorry to say no, but was afraid, she said, that I might be hurt, some of the games they played were so rough. I was utterly discouraged. I wanted to get hurt and tumble about again as I used to with the boys in Cincinnati, but I felt duty bound, in order to back Mamma up, as Lily came down the steps discomfited, to say: "I wouldn't of played with you, anyhow. You're not quality." But that night I nearly

cried my eyes out because I had insulted such a glowing and exalted being. My one consolation was that it was Una who had done it. The words had slipped out, as they so often did, before Una Mary could stop her. The unfair part was it was always Una Mary who suffered for them afterward. Una didn't care. Her attitude was: "What's the difference?"

She was one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen, this warm-hearted leader of "the gang," and was destined a few years later to be the heroine of an "affair" that shook Washington to its foundations and led to the murder of two people by a man who was almost crazed by love of her. I have never heard of her since the trial—she was quite innocent of any part in the tragedy—and have often wondered what has become of her. She had in her the making of a really great woman. I know that I, at the age of ten, would gladly have laid down my life for her, and could perfectly understand even committing murder for her sake, and so, apparently, could the jury, for her lover was acquitted.

This shows how badly I needed a friend, some one to play with, and here was Madge dropped from the sky. She came to school next day as a pupil, and from that first day on she was my friend, "a nintimate friend," the first I had ever had.

She did understand—as I had hoped in that first wild moment of seeing her—could understand Una Mary's world, and she, too, had "feelings," those strange sensations and perceptions that had no words to express them in English.

The alphabet people were as real to her as they were to me, and we both adored the magic pictures in the window-panes at school. The windows there were of the small-paned, old-fashioned kind, made often of very imperfect pieces of glass, full of refractions, bubbles, and wavy places. In fact, it was over these that Madge and I really found each other out. With fear and trembling I showed them to her, and when she saw not merely broken colors and distorted reflections in the glass but a whole new country, as I saw it—a place of fairy-tale glamour—and when she said at once, "What a splendid castle on a rock that is!" it was Una Mary who hugged her and Una Mary whom she always played with afterward.

How I basked in this being understood, and how I adored Madge, wonderful Madge, who knew all Una Mary knew and more, two whole years' worth more, besides! I shared My Country and all my Inner Life with her, except Edward and my Religions; those I could not speak of even to her. With her coming I gave up the Altar to the Virgin, for I could not show it to her and neither, of course,

could I have a secret from her. So I took all my treasures out of the crotch in the tree and packed them away in a beautiful little basket with a cover, very precious to me as it was another of the things that had come back with the piña dress in Perry's Expedition from Japan, and I put them away in the bottom of my chest, my own treasure chest, where I kept all my most cherished possessions and the one place no one else was allowed to explore; even Mamma would never have dreamed of opening it. There they still are, the Virgin relics, with a lot of old letters, the paper dolls I painted, a frog's skeleton that I mounted myself down at the Museum, my mineral collection, Elizabeth, whose hair is now moth-eaten, and a few of the East Gloucester stones. I have never had the heart to "go through the chest" and destroy them.

All through recess at school, after I had taken away my Altar, Madge and I used to sit in the willow-tree and "pretend," and during school hours we escaped to Window-Pane Land, that exquisite, opalescent place of rocky summits, sunny planes, shining, sunrise skies, and high adventure.

Madge felt as I did about the other girls at school. They were not of our world, and we could not understand each other. One of them called Fairy by her family was of the most advanced and complete Real-Girl type. She owned three rings and

a heart-shaped locket and had twenty-five cents a week "allowance." Madge and I each had five cents to spend as we pleased each week, which to me had seemed unlimited in its purchasing power, as I had only recently been advanced from two cents, until Fairy pointed out that I could only get one box of candy a week, while she could buy one for every school day, and Saturdays and Sundays her father brought candy home from downtown. So Madge and I took to one-cent delicacies instead of boxes of candy, each of us getting a peppermint stick or a cucumber pickle every day at recess and sucking it before Fairy with quite five cents' worth of ostentation and gusto until we were discovered by our families. Then pickles were forbidden and candy was cut down to one cent's worth a week, rather to our relief, for this saved our pride, and even our candyless Saturdays and Sundays were buried in the oblivion of "Our parents don't allow us to eat it," and we were free to spend our money, as we really preferred, for our dolls, or we could save up and buy plants for our gardens, or a supply of colored paper and crayons.

Fairy had long brown hair that was done up each night on curl papers. When she first got to school in the mornings the curls were very fat and lumpy, but soon they shook out into beautiful, bobbing spirals, which were the height of my admiration,

except on rainy days, when they grew limp and limper as the day wore on until they were long, lank straggles down her back, a deep mortification to poor Fairy, as I discovered one day to my cost.

It was a very rainy day and I had gone to school with my hair hanging loose, Mammy hadn't had time to braid it, a thing which had rarely happened before. It hung half-way to my waist now and in the dampness the ends began to curl and, as the air grew damper, curled tighter and tighter until at recess it was a mass of real ringlets. I was delighted and showed them to Fairy, saying, "I've got curls like yours," quite forgetting at the moment that her own hair was out of curl. She turned upon me like a fury, grabbed my hair in both hands, and pulled with all her might until I was rescued by her big brother, who had been standing near, and as Fairy struggled in his grasp, her fingers full of hair, she screamed: "You have no right to have curls. They belong to me. I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" Then she went off into almost hysterics of rage.

The tears were rolling down my cheeks from pain at the hair pulling, but I was unconscious of them as I held Madge's hand, and we both stared aghast at the spectacle of Fairy beside herself with jealousy. Why she should be jealous we could not see. Why she, who was given everything she

wanted and was so pretty and had curls all the rest of the time, should grudge my one day of curls to me—to me, who, she always said, "looked queer" —was even more than my Imp could fathom.

Again the horror came over me that I had felt when I saw the drunken man. Which was her real self? Was it that kicking, screaming creature and the pretty, doll-like Fairy just an outside shell, a shell that really ought to have some other kind of self inside it? Then I remembered about hermit-crabs and wondered if, when baby outsides were born, inner selves who up to that time had been wandering around homeless, perhaps as ghosts, crept into them and took them for their own bodies; and, of course, a homeless self would be apt to take the first outside it came to and be in a hurry about it for fear some other lost self would get in first, without taking time really to investigate. This would explain a great deal if it were true—would really explain Una and Una Mary.

I propounded this theory to Madge, but she said: "Fiddlesticks! There's nothing the matter with Fairy's insides but just plain temper. She ought to be spanked!" After that I never mentioned Una Mary even to Madge.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GAMES WE PLAYED

THIS same winter, when I was ten years old, we met Hannah and all three of us became fast friends. She, too, was like us; wore the same strange clothes and understood. It almost reconciled me to my own clothes, for they began to seem a necessary part of "feelings."

She was a very exciting addition to our life, for she came from the Tropics, had been born and always lived inside the Tropic of Cancer until her father was made "Minister to the United States" and they came to Washington. She was highly indignant when I asked her if the air was pink in the Tropics and said she "guessed they could have white air as well as anybody even if they did have palm-trees." She went on to say, when mollified by my explanation, that I had thought so from the color of the Torrid Zone on the globe at school, that they did have pink rocks, and some of the mountains were pink, too, while the rest of Every Where was brighter-colored than anything either

Madge or I had ever seen, bluer, greener, and purpler, all so iridescent it was like living inside an opal set round with sapphires, the sea and the sky were such a deep, vivid blue.

Hannah was transformed in our eyes. We no longer saw her as a little girl dressed in blue gingham but stared at her as we would have at a bird of paradise, its plumage reminiscent of the gaudy, evanescent splendors of the jungle, for Hannah had actually lived in this Aladdin's Palace of a country where story-book birds, plants, and animals came true; where there were forests of giant tree-ferns; coral reefs, sharks, wild peacocks, mongoose; where goldfishes filled the streams; where rubber plants were trees higher than a house; and in her own front yard grew a breadfruit tree shading a fountain where lotuses bloomed just like the one in Franklin Park. Fancy having a fountain of one's own! It was like living in a Castle or being the President's daughter, and these were all every-day affairs to her. She actually had played dolls among them! Nothing that had ever come within the range of our experience could vie with the strangeness of Hannah's every-day life when at home—even my once having been "drowned so I was unconscious" or Madge's owning a cocker spaniel and a silver watch were as nothing beside having a breadfruit tree in your own front yard.

The glittering color impression was what fascinated me most in her descriptions. It appealed to Una Mary and seemed as splendid as My Country. I still felt that My Country was the one place that could hold up its head in comparison, but I could not speak of it to Hannah, who got the horrors at the slightest touch of the Fairy-Tale World, and Madge now felt she had outgrown "magics." She only cared to hear about real places. But some of the places Hannah assured us were real had so the sound of magic that Madge was only convinced after Hannah had "crossed her heart" they were true. And no wonder she doubted such things as a lake of perpetual fire on top of a mountain, and a waterfall that fell from so great a height it never reached the ground at all but blew off in a veil of mist; and, least convincing of all, was Hannah's casual remark that she could "see a King and Queen any day. That was nothing!" I always felt a queer excitement and glamour about Hannah, who knew as experience so much that Una Mary just imagined it made her seem a sort of "real-life" Una Mary, and the feeling never wore off, though she soon got tired of telling us about her home, and our life together settled down into the commonplace ruts of school and playing dolls.

Hannah was even gloomier about her outside

self than I was about Una, which surprised me as every other child I knew liked herself. She was then one of those unfortunate overgrown children, towering head and shoulders above every one her own age; and, as she was naturally shy, she felt she was practically an elephant, and she hated her clothes as we hated ours, though she was luckier than we were, for she had a best dress which we all really liked. It was made of pale-green cashmere trimmed with narrow brown velvet ribbon. This, greatly to my delight, I inherited when she had outgrown it. I fell heir to many of her clothes, for Hannah kept on growing so fast that, in spite of tucks and let-down hems, she shot through her dresses long before they were worn out.

With Madge and Hannah for friends, my life became very happy and less tinged by a feeling of difference from other people. At last I could snub my Imp, when he made hateful remarks, by saying that Madge and Hannah were like that, too, though we felt, all three of us, that there was something radically wrong about us which prevented our being of the Real-Girl kind, that species of child we pretended to scorn but would have given our life's blood to become. We hoped the trouble lay mainly with our clothes, for no other children looked as queer as we did except the daughters of the British Ambassador.

I remember one year we all suffered from leghorn hats with striped Italian-silk caps ending in tassels for crowns. Hannah's sister brought ours to us from Europe, and the English girls, who rather admired them, had theirs when they arrived. We despised ours. The little street boys used to call after me, "Towhead, Tassel Top," which so wore upon me, after the Imp adopted it as his favorite refrain, that I finally bit a piece out of the rim of my hat so that it could no longer be worn in the city but only in the country, a heaven too exclusive for street boys and where the Imp was almost negligible.

The height of fashion was as far from our ideal as the sensible. We simply longed to be of the vast majority. The next winter as we passed through Boston—the only stores Mamma felt she could rely upon were there—I was allowed to select my own winter coat, and my aunt, who was with me, told Mamma with disgust that I had picked out the commonest one we saw. How I wished all my clothes could be common!

We played in the parks every afternoon. There are so many and such varied parks in Washington that we could select a park to suit the mood of almost any day. We were allowed to roam about alone now, Madge and I, and could always "pick up" Hannah. I had even gone to the dentist's

and down-town shopping alone, but that was considered rather adventurous. When a social, democratic mood was upon us we went to Franklin Park, where we could talk to the public-school children as they came out of the near-by Franklin School at three o'clock—our school was out at one—for when alone and unhampered I threw Mammy's "quality" standard to the wind, and we had very satisfactory times playing jackstraws and "swopping alleys" with them. I occasionally see one of them in Market now, a placid, round-faced matron with a basket on her arm, and much happier she looks than most of the Quality I know.

Then there were other reasons why Franklin Park was desirable. First and foremost, it had a fountain, and in warm weather the fountain played, tossed, and caught and laughed over the glittering, bubbling spray that fell splashing to the basin where wise old goldfish, fantails, hid under the shade of the lotus leaves. The lotus flowers, when there were any, drowsed away the hours wrapped in Oriental calm caught off into a timeless space, unconscious alike of us and of the fountain. We never talked about the lotus flowers. They affected us too deeply, and even Hannah, who had seen them all her life, had a far-away dream quality in her gaze as she looked at them; and Una Mary knew

they were not flowers but incarnations—of what, I did not know; but I felt the knowledge hovering on the border of my consciousness.

In this park, too, there were the finest flowering cherry and peach trees in the city—the double-flowered Japanese kind, pink-crested billows foaming with petals, rather than trees. We always went there on Peach-Tree Saturday. It is a secret which Saturday that was.

Lafayette Park was, of course, pre-eminent for its magnolia-trees, large, old ones with flowers late in the spring that were over a foot in diameter—Empresses of flowers, holding court among the rich, green, shining leaves. All the trees in Lafayette Park seemed older and more established than in the other parks, seemed to have the feel of old parts of the city, grew with more dignity and a sort of high-bred air of reserve that ignored unswept paths and trifling dilapidations. They even seemed to like the green corroding the bronze of the statue in their midst. I think they felt really proud of it as showing that he, too, was of the old régime and no upstart, newly "Erected by order of Congress." There was moss instead of grass under some of the trees, their shade was so dense. This is the park we went to when there were weighty matters on hand, secrets; or when "pretending" must be done in a serious, dignified way.

It was always Una Mary, flitting and elusive, who played in Lafayette Park.

Dupont Circle was the park where we played most. It was the nearest, and then one did not have to be in any special mood to go there. It took you in feeling anyhow, and, needless to say, had no very marked characteristics, except that its flower-beds were always attractive. They kept pansies in them all winter and not a week passed, no matter how cold it was, that we could not find at least one pansy in bloom; and the forsythia and pink magnolias came out there before they did in any other place, except in our own back yard.

How we loved those flower-filled, beautifully arranged Washington parks with their luxuriant, dense-leaved trees! As I walk through them now each tree rustles to me of "secrets" quivering with Una Mary's "Long Ago," and the shade under them is saturated with mysterious excitements.

Madge's father, like mine, was a scientist, so she, too, knew more or less about plants and animals, and in return for what Hannah told us of the almost unbelievable wonders of her country we taught her all we knew about our own flowers, less showy than hers, perhaps, but infinitely lovable, and she soon cared for them with a depth of feeling that only Una Mary could understand.

We had almost a flower cult, we were all so

devoted to them, a worship of the seasons in terms of the plants they brought, and even the changes of color the bare twigs went through in the early spring, long before there was the slightest indication of leaves, were absorbingly important to us.

With Madge and Hannah to share all my outer and part of my inner life, I became much more Una and less Una Mary. Not that I was then conscious of it in those terms; on the contrary, I thought I was more Una Mary because they were her friends and she at last had a chance to come outside and play. They were her friends, that is true, and it was this fact that made them the first real friends I had ever had; but, having them to play with life was very active and happy, full of outward concrete events, leaving very little time when I could dream or pretend as Una Mary except at night. The before-going-to-sleep time was still wholly hers to spend with Edward in My Country.

Dolls and a Paper Dolls' House were Hannah's absorbing passion, and, of course, Madge and I at once started Paper Dolls' Houses of our own. They were large scrap-books in which we pasted mantels, doorways, windows, furniture, and bric-a-brac cut from the advertisements in the backs of magazines. Each double page was, of course, a room, and our great difficulty was to find all the things we needed to furnish it of the same scale.

Often in advertisements it said: "On receipt of five cents for postage we will mail you our splendidly illustrated catalogue." In catalogues the illustrations were apt to be of the same size and so seemed absolutely made to use in furnishing our houses. We got Madge's maid to write for them for us, supplying the five cents in turn as it could not be divided into thirds. The Wakefield Rattan Company issued the catalogues we prized most.

Our paper dolls would soon have lived in veritable palaces of wickerwork, plush upholstery, and potted plants on flower stands if Mamma had not discovered through the sudden bulkiness of my mail that we were sending for the catalogues and put a stop to it on the ground that it was not fair to the people who published them, as, she explained, we were not the buying public and so we were really getting the catalogues under false pretences. I asked if I might send for them if I wrote myself and said we were just little girls, and Mamma said I might, that that would make it quite fair.

Mantelpieces were what we needed most, and a catalogue containing twenty-five plates was advertised; so I wrote to the mantel firm myself. I copied the letter four times before it was all spelled correctly, and then the Imp dabbed on a blot. In it I explained that we did not expect to order any mantelpieces ourselves, but we could use all those

they illustrated in our paper dolls' houses, where, of course, they would be seen by our friends, many of whom were building, and so I felt it might really pay them in the end as an advertisement. I added that in case they did not care to send me their catalogue I hoped they would return the enclosed five-cent stamp, as it had cost me a whole week's allowance.

By return mail I received a bundle of catalogues and additional plates that had cost the mantel firm thirty-five cents for postage! Their generosity downed Mamma's arguments forever. It proved to our minds that the firms felt it paid them, from a business point of view, to send us the catalogues. And I really think it did, for the spell cast over me by some of those paper dolls' chairs and tables has made me buy some exactly like them for my grown-up house. There were two rattan chairs in particular I simply had to have as soon as I went to housekeeping, and it was a terrible wrench to deny myself a sofa shaped like a shell—it was my great pride, on pages 3–4, The Parlor—and I long for it still for sentiment's sake. That particular mantel firm I have recommended to all the architects I know. They were delightful mantels for slim young-men paper dolls to lean against as they smiled down at lovely ladies, sitting on "Nantasket sofa, No. 17."

We started a magazine called *The Ghosts' Companion,* illustrated with labyrinths it was supposed to be the ghosts' pleasure to explore at night. I always left my copy at the bottom of the back stairs, and it so pacified the ghost there that I never once had the "ghost feel" at my skin; and Aunt Louisa couldn't scent him even on Hallowe'en.

I gave a Hallowe'en party that year, with the delighted assistance of Aunt Louisa, Mammy, and the cook we had then, Abbie, who was as great an authority on ghosts as Aunt Louisa. It was even whispered darkly in the kitchen "dat she cud make hoodoo powders," in consequence of which we all treated her with great respect. I wondered if she could give me a powder that would make me really into Una Mary, but I did not dare try, for it might kill Una instead. A powder had killed a girl Mammy knew—she took one she thought was going to make her grow beautiful and then found she had taken by mistake the grow-ugly kind she had bought to give to some one else, so she just went to bed and died, in spite of the doctor, who examined the powder and said there was nothing in it to make her sick, as it was only made of plain white flour—which simply proved to our minds how little doctors knew. As Aunt Louisa said: "No doctor kahn't cure yo' when he got no more

respec' for hants en debbils den er body-snatcher. Dere's hoodoos mixed wid ebery ailin'. De onliest t'ing is er black cat to suck yo' bref and suck out de hoodoo." I really pitied the poor doctors for their ignorance. Our cat had three white hairs in his tail, but I hoped he would still do in an emergency.

Abbie must have called in all the ghosts at her command to come to my party, such strange things happened that Hallowe'en. They made melted lead, when it was poured into cold water, take fantastic shapes by which Aunt Louisa could tell our fortunes. Even good, sturdy, common-sense apples were visibly bewitched and absolutely sprang away from us when we tried to bite them hanging at the ends of long strings from the kitchen ceiling; and as for the apples we bobbed for in the laundry tubs, they splashed us from head to foot as we came up empty-mouthed and sputtering; and apple parings, after we had whirled them three times around our heads, fell in letters that were the initials of the men we were to marry. Mine fell in the shape of the letter G, which was a blow, as the only man I knew whose name began with G was an elderly inventor whom I hated because he always kissed me when he came to the house and gave me handkerchiefs each Christmas. There was also a lady who always gave us handkerchiefs, and to this

day I do not know her whole name, as we never called her anything but Mrs. Handkerchief-Smith.

It was a very gay party, indeed. I think they must have been visiting ghosts that night—"Kinder tramp ghosteses" Mammy called them, not "so spectable ez er house ghost dats boun ter hant regular." I think she looked upon them with the same sort of scorn she felt for "dem no-count yaller gals dats allus er changin' places"—stray ghosts, perhaps, that had not as yet found "outsides" to slip into, allowed for this one night in the year to come from the outer darkness into our houses, so glad of the warmth and jollity that they were on their best company behavior, not terrifying at all but full of rollicking fun.

They even protected us for that one night from our "Regular Hant," the back-stairs ghost, for I came down those stairs backward holding a mirror and did not see a single thing reflected in it, which was secretly a disappointment, as I had hoped for a shuddering glimpse of the "Back-stairs It."

The magazine, too, naturally gave the ghosts a friendly feeling toward us, and we were no longer afraid of them; even the one who grabbed your heels in the dark would respect the artist of such fascinating and difficult labyrinths. I dedicated several of them to him and arranged various treats and surprises to lure him along the way. For in-

stance, when he had wandered only a few miles along the wiggly line that was the path he came to a cat adorned with a blue-crayon bow, his to keep if he wanted her; and a little farther along he might come to an enclosure where he could rest on a bench and listen to the songs of four caged canaries; then, if he was clever enough to get out of there, he discovered a diamond ring lying at his feet—you knew it was a diamond because it was drawn with innumerable pencilled rays coming from the stone—and so on; one present after another tempted him along until he found himself at the centre, living in a delightful outlined house with green-chalk blinds, surrounded by a garden with a white-crayon picket fence—every one knows the charm of using white crayon—and a padlocked gate.

I am sure there are many ghosts still prisoned in those pictured labyrinths, for it was most difficult when once inside to get out again. That gate in the picket fence may have closed forever on the heel-grabbing ghost. I have never felt him since then. At any rate, I drew a very formidable padlock on the gate!

Madge made the best labyrinths of all—they were her idea originally—and some of hers were so complicated that after they were finished she could not find the way out herself. She gave names in

printed letters to the resting-places along the paths. One, I remember, which sounded irresistible was "Spaniel's Delight."

We were all of us full of superstitions. Hannah had a strange, miscellaneous collection of fears and prejudices handed on to her by their native and Chinese and Japanese servants, plus the good, solid old Calvinistic horrors an aunt had felt it her duty to try and implant, and Madge had had an Irish nurse of an imaginative and picturesque turn of mind; so all these, added to my negro store, gave us a rich and varied assortment, with something to fit every occasion in life.

Mamma was very fond of a green vine called Wandering-Jew, which grows in water in a dank, unwholesome sort of way. Ever since I could remember there had been vases of it on the mantelpiece and in the centre of the dining-table. Madge one day said that there was always illness in a house where Wandering-Jew grew—her nurse had told her so—and that must be the reason why my mother was an invalid most of the time.

We were all fearfully shocked, my sisters and I, and felt it was almost our fault that Mamma had been ill so long. If we had only known before! Naturally, the best thing we could do was at once to gather up the pieces of vine from all the vases and destroy them. This we did; tore them to

shreds and buried the fragments a foot deep in the back yard. Afterward we thought Mamma seemed a little better, and, anyway, as Madge said, we had prevented her growing any worse and probably had saved her life.

CHAPTER XIV

WORDS, NEW AND OLD

WE had endless "feelings," Madge, Hannah, and I, for which there seemed to be no words in English and none in the French and German we knew, and certainly not in the few stray words and phrases Hannah knew from the language spoken by their natives at home and which she had taught us for "secrets."

Words before had seemed a negligible quantity, merely our slaves and puppets. Now suddenly they seemed powerful, assertive, in a measure our masters, for our thoughts could express themselves only within the limits words had fixed for them; if they tried to soar beyond, our thoughts were lost as far as others were concerned. Una Mary might hover free as air through far-reaching realms of intuition and feeling, but if she tried to share those realms, tried to give them to Una to express, words were the tyrants who decreed "just so far and no farther may you go. If you break beyond our walls, oblivion is your fate, the outer nothingness

of other people's minds." I was as surprised when I realized this as Marie Antoinette when the Populace threw her into the Bastile.

Some of our "feelings" were too vague for us to define in any way, but others were quite concrete and to be explained if only the words for them existed, so we decided with some other children to help out the language by making up the missing words ourselves. I think it was Madge who invented our method.

When there was an idea to be expressed, after we had all discussed it, each one contributing her exact shade of feeling, we decided on the meaning that seemed best to average up our variations. Then we drew lots for first, second, and sometimes third syllables, though most of the words were of two syllables only. Those of us who drew the syllable slips concentrated our minds on finding, each one of us, some sound of not more than three letters that suggested to her the feeling to be expressed; and then when all were ready these syllables were combined in the order of the numbers on the slips we had drawn.

For instance, we wanted a word for the free, wild feeling it gave us to be out on a dark night when the wind from far away was tossing the tree tops, and the shadows cast by our lanterns were dancing fantastically over the blown grass. We used often

to go out with lanterns in the grounds of Madge's house in the country just to revel in this feeling on autumn nights when the moon blinked and crackled in the cold. We chose the three syllables *pli di trants*, making when put together "Pliditrants." We used to shout the word out into the night and it seemed to sum up in its sound all the aerie exhilaration that we felt, like the cat that,

"Whisked her tail to the twittering moon."

The definition we gave it in the dictionary of our words was: "Children alone in the night." I have that dictionary still, defining sixty-three of our words, arranged as a rhyme.

Our words were all "secrets" at first, only to be revealed to the very understanding few and only to be made up under the most secret circumstances, in some very private place like the top of a tree or in a cave dug into the side of a sand-dune or under a drooping umbrella-tree in the Park, and, of course, my suspended closet was a perfect place to make them. They soon, however, became so essential a part of our speech that we used all but two of them with everybody, and some of them are still in common use among our friends and relations. They were all nouns or adjectives.

"Thuka" was a quality of color found either in green or blue of farmhouse shutters, old pumps,

and dump-carts. It is that peculiarly comfortable blue green or faded cobalt blue that one only finds in the country and associates with such joys as trips after loads of wood, bumping along "sitting on behind" the cart, ready to jump out at any moment, or helping harvest the corn and apples in the fall, riding home on the full, rich-smelling loads. I associate it also with delicious deep drinks out of a tin dipper at some friendly blue pump where we stopped in the course of a walk and gossiped with the farmer's wife, who usually in the end gave us cookies or doughnuts to eat, and there were certain old-fashioned doors we particularly loved that were painted a thuka color. Pink hollyhocks were wonderful with it, and they often grew beside such doorways.

"Mingy" was the half-exhilarated, half-giddy feeling one had when, after whirling through space on the swing in the barn until one had "tipped the beam," there came a moment of absolute poise just before the back swing, a moment when the heart almost stopped beating—that queer sensation at the climax of motion was mingy, and one had it spiritually as well as physically. It was the calm in the centre of storm of any kind. It always came in the midst of rages and panics, and then, if one had the sense to recognize that it was mingy, one might seize hold of one's self and keep calm,

just as we sometimes at that moment of poise jumped from the swing to the beam above the barn-door. One often felt it in the top of a tree when the wind blew. It was the moment to let go when "bending a birch" and drop lightly to the ground, and it was most dramatic of all in a canoe, still for a breathless instant before the plunge through a stretch of rapids.

"Dowyow" was the sort of calf-love we used to see overtaking girls and boys in their teens —it would now be called a "crush"—to us perfectly sickening as a spectacle and yet rather interesting, it took such strange forms. There were frequent opportunities for watching it when we visited Madge in the summer, for she went always to a real Summer Resort, and the beach simply swarmed with "affairs." The boys were always stealing the girls' hair ribbons to carry about as mementos, which reminded me of Mammy's story of the little girls who lived next a cemetery and always wore such splendid hair ribbons that everybody wondered how their mother could afford it, until a day when one of them appeared in a ribbon with some gilt letters on it which proved to be "Rest in peace." For some reason I felt the same element of sacrilege here.

There was another form of love—we could not explain what the difference was, but it gave us a

very distinct sensation when we saw it; and it was again quite different from the love of people who were married. This kind of love was very silent. It had a hot, intense glance and made the hands tremble. We had only seen it a few times. I knew most about it, for I had once gone into a room thinking it was empty and had been utterly startled to find a man holding a girl by both hands and looking into her eyes in a way that made shivers run all through me. It was terrible and wonderful, and they were so absorbed in each other they never heard me at all and never knew I saw. This love we named "Predalis," and it was only to be spoken of with bated breath. Predalis was our greatest "secret" and was only told to a very few after they had promised, "cross my heart and hope to die," never to tell any one.

One of our favorite words was "Stowish." The definition was "middlish unthought of." In most families there is one stowish member, some one who comes near the middle and is very useful and fine, the one who is apt to do all the odd or disagreeable jobs, but somehow is always being overlooked by people outside and taken for granted by the family. Among the days of the week, it is Thursday, of course—good, conscientious Thursday. It would never come first into any one's mind if asked suddenly to mention a day of the

week. Six and four are both stowish numbers. I wonder if every one gets an impression of goodness from them? I always do. All stowish things seem to have an inherent goodness, a Martha quality, and to seem a dull drab in color.

Nearly everything had color to us, and to me most people have always been very distinctive colors that I feel at once as soon as I see them. Madge was an amber yellow; Hannah was gray-blue; and they all thought I was blue-green. I felt sure Una Mary was vivid emerald green. Half the population of the world seemed to be in shades of brown. We none of us ever wore brown if we could help it, for we could not bear to look the way those people made us feel. Real Girls were either a mild pale blue, "baby blue," or a rather acrid pink. The nicest boy we knew was gray, and the next nicest was a dark red.

We all three had a very keen sense of resemblances, not outward but emotional resemblances. It was really a form of symbolism. We could describe people in terms of objects. I came across an old letter the other day in which I spoke of some one as being like a dump-cart driven by a canary; and another person I knew was made up of a sunset and a market-basket. We spent many odd hours playing the game of what colors people were—we almost always agreed on them—and

the things of which they reminded us. Una Mary was made of a crystal ball and a gold ring, while Una was a sailboat, a pair of forceps, and a picture-book.

To return to our words. My favorite one was "Trando." I had always felt the need of it, and the first syllable, tran, was mine. It meant the feeling of an unseen beyond. In our dictionary we called it "The look into feeling," and the best illustration we could give was that of a road winding up a hillside to a pair of bars on the crest of the hill against the sky. The road must lead somewhere, and the bars in themselves showed there must be something special beyond. But what? That certainty of an unknown what was trando.

One also felt it in looking down a dark passageway between houses or down a narrow, crooked street. Venice is the most trando city in the world; that is half its charm for every one, only most people lack the word to express what it is they feel when they wander on foot along the tortuous sidewalks and courtyards that honeycomb the buildings between the canals. Mystery, romance, adventure lurk beyond each corner, where one catches glimpses of silent water sombre and rich as an old brocade with glints of gold and rose and azure in the sunlight—Venice, when I first saw it at sunset, a Dream City of Una Mary's! It seemed of

her world and like the palaces she wove, of the iridescent substance of bubbles—to vanish at a touch.

Most of all to me, trando was the beyond feeling mountains always gave me. It was the place where View lived. To Madge it was most vividly that sense some rolling hills give one, that the sea is just on the other side. Trando is still a very real and necessary word to us and to our friends.

> "The look into feeling is called trando.
> Bomattle is the place where the lost things go."

So they are written in our rhymed dictionary. Bomattle was the heaven of lost pins, the place where the knees and toes of stockings and elbows of dresses went when they wore out, and Madge and Hannah thought the flames of blown-out matches went there, too. It was useful but crowded, rather like a neglected attic.

Another word we used, which has almost become English so many people know it, is "Beadle." That we did not make up ourselves but borrowed from some friends of Hannah's and took it over to become an associate member of our language. I have even seen it used in a book. It meant the kind of commonness that is not pronounced enough to be called vulgarity but still is the type of unconscious bad taste that makes one all crinkle up inside. Beadle people are the only ones it is

quite impossible to know and beadle houses simply smother one. We certainly were not snobs, as some of our most intimate friends were servants and farm-hands, but a touch of beadle we simply would not and could not stand. Real Girls were often beadle. The most perfect example of a typical beadle person is the wife of the hero in William de Morgan's book, "It Never Can Happen Again." I know just how he felt about her. At the end of an invitation to a church party I once saw this sentence, "Acquaintance making will commence at nine o'clock," and it struck me as the most luminous example of beadle I had ever heard.

"Spaily" was the exact opposite of beadle, but almost as unattractive, as it had a quality of pathos that was deadly. It is total lack of charm combined with a long-backed, narrow-shouldered effect beloved of English dressmakers, with lanky skirts riding up in front—at the time when it was unfashionable to ride up in front—not shabby clothes at all or outgrown, but deliberately and complacently made so. It is a certain kind of old-maidishness that has in it an attempt at fashion. The same effect could be given by combining the wrong colors—brown and a shade of bright pink put together give it, or gray with light blue. Rooms can be as spaily as people. Country parlors always are if the people who own them are prosperous

enough to make them so. We had another word, "Faxy," to describe stuffy parlors with wax flowers under glass cases.

The humiliation of my life was that my back, Una's back, do what I would to it, was always spaily. There was something about the way my neck, with its braids of hair, grew out of my collar that had the fatal look. Madge's mother tried to console me about it by saying that at least it looked like the back of a lady, which was only more convincing still, for the worst form of spaily only exists among gentlefolk! Neither Madge nor Hannah had a trace of it, so I decided it must be because of my Boston ancestors and, along with my clothes, was just another burden they had put upon my shoulders. It was really a fear of spailness that was the horror of their lives in Miss Alcott's family of "Little Women," only they lacked the consolation of knowing what the word for it was. I really found that quite a help.

"Loo" was a jolly word and meant a state which our own possessions never reached. We could achieve it only for our dolls. It meant having just what you need to use and to wear and having it all in perfect order, like a soldier's uniform and kit. With us it would have meant a best dress and hat, an every-day dress and hat, one coat, one pair of rubbers, two pairs of gloves and shoes, and

brand-new hair ribbons—all the things in perfect condition, no half worn outs or made overs or hand-me-downs about it—a state of things as remote as Heaven and, like Heaven, only theoretically longed for, because hand-me-downs had a real charm. One wondered so what experiences they had gone through before. I was sure I could tell if they had been sad or happy clothes. And made overs were almost always prettier than in their original state. They seemed really to find themselves and develop all their possibilities, though I must say the Imp was most scornful of them and absolutely frank about it.

These are enough to give an idea of what our words were like, and, except for the few very secret ones, we used them with everybody, even with our parents.

Words in themselves always affected me strongly, and I remember one day when the realization of a word almost overwhelmed me. I was walking home from Noah's Toy Shop, that emporium of joys "from a penny up," on Fourteenth Street, sucking an "all-day sucker" and admiring a new doll I had just bought for a quarter. I was saying to her, "I hope I shall like you very much," when abruptly the word hope popped out of the sentence and looked at me as surprisingly as a Jack-in-a-box. Then, as I thought about it, it seemed like

an old and taken-for-granted friend suddenly become a new and extraordinary being. I said it over and over to myself, Hope, Hope, Hope, and each time, like a stone flung into a pond, the sound went off into the outer margin of my mind in ever-widening circles of significance until I lost all sense of its literalness and could not discover what the great something was that I felt about it, whether it really had anything to do with its meaning or was something in the sound and make of the word.

When I got home I wrote it down to see how it looked, and still it gave me the same sensation. For days it was there nearly all the time, in the background of my mind and led me to wonder about other words until language became the medium of a vast symphony of sound and I began to make up combinations of words solely for their sounds. I took passionately to the verses of "Alice in Wonderland"—I had thought them rather silly before—and learned the whole of the Jabberwock by heart to recite aloud, glorying in its richness.

Rhymes and rhythm became a necessity to me, and one night I woke up, broad awake in the middle of the night, with the conviction that I had to write a poem. So I got up then and there and wrote it down—a poem of the sea. It was eight verses long, although only one of them has sur-

vived. I found it the other day in the note-book I began to keep when I was ten of Una Mary's "Feelings." The night I wrote the poem I felt it was magnificent. This is the first verse:

THE SEA

"The waves have risen wild and free
Like the Klu Klux bands
On the terrified sands,
The White Riders of the sea.
With a crash and a rush
Their wild manes brush
And blot the sky from me."

Soon after this we were given Scott's novels for Christmas, and from the day when I first opened "Ivanhoe" I knew I had come into a world that was my own. Scott knew Una Mary, and his books seemed almost accounts of what her life in My Country would be when she and Edward had grown up.

How I lived in those books! By the time I was thirteen I had read them all, and some of them for the third time. "Quentin Durward" I could almost repeat by heart. My father loved them as I did and we used to read them aloud together. It was really a family inheritance, one of the good things that came down in my Boston blood, for my grandfather all his life read Scott over and over again, and the last book I saw him reading

before his death, at the age of eighty-four, was "Guy Mannering"; and there are very amusing stories about his father, my great-grandfather, who was a Unitarian minister and not quite sure about the ethics of novel reading in a minister's family. They had started a small lending library in the town where he was settled. It was my great-grandmother's idea, and all the books were given out by her at the Parsonage, and, of course, among their number were copies of the new fiction then coming out, and "Waverley" was one of them. Everybody went wild over it, and the minister felt it his duty to read the first number to be sure it was a proper book for his parishioners. That sealed his doom as far as Scott's novels were concerned. Each number that appeared after that, as soon as it reached the Parsonage, was seized by him and secreted until he had finished reading it. He never spoke of it and no one in the family made any remarks. The book simply vanished for a time and then reappeared on the library shelf, though his attitude about other fiction remained unchanged, and the light literature belonging to the family was still kept in a box in the attic, where it was read surreptitiously by the children.

I still have so strongly the family affection for Scott that I had a feeling of sacrilege when I overheard, not long ago, a conversation between a Har-

vard student and a very pretty girl who were having tea at the Country Club. He had just told her he came from Cooperstown, where Cooper, the novelist, lived. She replied that she had never heard of Cooper, and he, scandalized at her ignorance, had gone on to give her a list of his books, when a light suddenly broke over her face and she said: "Oh, I know now. The same sort of people read them who read Scott's novels." I am thankful, indeed, that I grew up and still am "that same sort of person!"

At school I had been given drawing lessons, and at home my grandmother, who herself painted exceedingly well, had helped me with suggestions about mixing colors and putting on paint, so I began to draw and paint in earnest, no longer for amusement but for the companionship of expressing myself and putting into visible form this world of Scott's novels. I did illustrations for all of them, reproducing the detail as lovingly as he had described it.

Then I discovered Shakespeare! I have always been glad I found him for myself—just stumbled on him, not knowing he existed, like Columbus running into America. I had always seen the little red-leather volumes in the bookcase, and one day I listlessly took down "Hamlet." I began to read, and Una Mary fairly purred with satisfaction.

Then, as I went on, she was shaken as she had never been shaken before by the beauty and the tragedy of it all—words, pictures, emotions woven together into one perfect whole, its threads of the warp and woof of her world. That evening I took it with me to the kitchen. I felt I had to read it aloud. I wanted really to hear the lines roll out before an audience. So to Mammy and Aunt Louisa and the cook I read it. They, too, were entranced, and after that when Aunt Louisa had sewing to do she used to ask me to "Come erlong and read dat murder piece."

I revived my toy theatre, a survival of the Cincinnati days. Agnes had given it to me as a good-by present. For it I painted new scenery, made actors cut out of cardboard who could be pulled by strings along grooves for their exits and their entrances, and, not satisfied with acting the whole of Shakespeare, wrote plays of my own for the puppets to perform. Madge, Hannah, and I presented them together, each of us being responsible for the strings and the lines of certain of the characters.

From this and the plays I had seen in real theatres I was fired, of course, with an ambition to go on the stage as a child actress. I had seen the girl who took the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and was certain I could do it quite as well, if not better,

and at last my opening came. I was asked to take part in some private theatricals in a real hall and was allowed by my family to do so. The rehearsals were thrilling. At first the Imp was a great trouble, for he kept whispering to me that it was useless to feel that I was the Lady Jocelyn, that I was just plain Una and no amount of velvet train could change the way my back looked. But I resolutely choked him off. I would be the Lady Jocelyn for that play at least and could keep my back turned away from the audience.

All went well at the final performance. I wore a green velvet mediæval gown, a jewelled girdle, and a high, peaked cap with a veil floating from its top just like one of the pictures in the Corcoran Gallery. I said my lines passably, and the real stage seemed to me my next inevitable step in life until the moment when the play was over and I stood on the stage alone in front of the curtain to give the Epilogue. Then my Imp clutched me and I knew I was just tow-headed Una. Somehow, I said the lines; they really seemed to say themselves, for I heard them going on in the midst of my misery, and then, after what seemed centuries alone with that sea of strange, hateful faces before me, there came the applause and the curtain began to go up for the final tableau.

It was the old-fashioned kind of curtain that

rolled on a stick at the bottom, and just as it began to go up I felt a slight twitch behind, and before I could free myself my long velvet train had begun slowly and firmly to roll up inside it. One of the actors saw my plight and, rushing forward, picked me up in his arms. Slowly, higher and higher he lifted me, while every one yelled to the curtain man to let the thing down, and the man who held me shouted to him: "You fool, do you think I'm a giant, to reach to the ceiling?" How I wished he were! But when I had gotten to his shoulder the curtain dropped, and all the time the audience quaked and roared with laughter. I have never since appeared on any stage. After that night my longing for the footlights was over forever.

CHAPTER XV

THE SOLUTION

THE winter I was thirteen I was startled out of my happy existence with Madge and Hannah by their both moving away from Washington. Madge went to live near Boston and Hannah went back to her home in the tropics, where I thought of her in much the same way as I thought of Una Mary in My Country, for Hannah always had a glamour about her, in spite of her white pinafores, and her country seemed My Country become real, a permanent version, as it were. The fact that it was real somewhere steadied and stimulated me greatly by connecting my imaginative life with the solid world.

Once more I was alone with my inner life and Una Mary was lonelier than before except when I was writing long letters to the other two girls. We corresponded once a week, and we all three began to write novels, which we exchanged in instalments, for it had become a necessity to us, perhaps through having made up our own words, to express ourselves in words, in writing. Madge and Hannah

wrote long, sustained narratives, a revel of romantic situations, for Madge was now sixteen, so really grown up that long skirts, put-up hair, and matrimony seemed to loom on her near horizon; and Hannah had caught very realistic glimpses of the world of emotion through the recent marriages of her brothers and sisters.

Soon after she went home Hannah's country was torn by a revolution and her brother returned to Washington on a very important diplomatic mission. He came to justify his people for having dethroned their ruler and to secure the approval and support of our government. In his trunk, scattered among his diplomatic papers, were pages and pages of Hannah's last novel, which he was bringing to me, all so mixed together that when he saw the President and was reading him the draught for their new constitution, in the middle of it, so he said, came to a page beginning: "She threw her arms about his neck." I am sure if he had gone on the President would have been appreciative.

There was no doubt Madge and Hannah were real novelists and I was very proud of their work and much honored by being the only person who saw their manuscripts. My own stories were not romantic at all in the real-world sense. They kept a half-fairy, magical quality, for Una Mary still preferred the world of High Adventure where the

loves of Knights and Ladies were aided or thwarted by fay and demon. Theirs were real books, fifteen chapters long, while mine were all short stories, some only a single paragraph, and all written in a metre that was half prose, half poetry, a linking together of words for their meanings in sound as well as in sense.

Una Mary drew back once more into her old life with Edward in My Country, or rather into a done-over version of My Country and hardly recognizable as the same place, enriched as it now was by material and personages from Shakespeare and the procession of Kings, Queens, Knights, Ladies, Squires, Churls, and Minions I had known and loved through the pages of Scott's novels; and with this return to My Country I felt again the overwhelming need of a religion.

While Madge and Hannah had been in Washington my religious side had been rather in abeyance. I still prayed regularly to the Virgin and told my blue beads, though I had given up my altar to her when I first knew Madge, and the rest of my outward religious life had been for a time submerged by my excitement in finding friends with whom to share my feelings about life and nature. Religion I did not mention to them—it was too personally my own—and what their own ideas were I did not know as they never spoke of the subject, either.

Our nearest approach to it came on the day when Madge's aunt died. We had really liked her, though her path in life had crossed ours very little, and when she died we felt very solemn to think we should never see that eager, kindly person again and sat about not knowing what to do with ourselves. The zest had gone out of everything and we felt hopeless and forlorn until I remembered that when she was alive she had liked to watch us when we were playing Indian. So out into the yard we whooped, being Indians with all our might, until Madge's mother, utterly scandalized, ran out of the house to stop us, really angry with us for "such lack of respect for the dead"; her attitude as great a surprise to us as ours was to her when we answered: "But we were just playing on purpose to amuse Auntie up in Heaven."

Our zeal was diverted, I remember, to a large wreath of bay-leaves which we made for Madge to lay on the coffin. She went to the funeral very stiff and important in a white dress with a black sash, and was dressed in black and white all summer, greatly to her own pride and satisfaction, though Hannah rather cast a damper over her by remarking, "That's nothing; my father and mother have to mourn a month each time a Royal Family dies anywhere," and I, not to be outdone, contrived to wear retrospective gray with a black

hair ribbon as half mourning for my great-grandmother, who had died when I was four years old. Once when Madge cut her finger I think she was less distressed by the pain than by the fact that the blood which spurted over her dress was "out of mourning."

I am sure to all three of us the dead seemed very near and friendly, not ghosts—they were different, like ogres and malignant fairies—but the souls of the dead who had been our own kind of people and might have been our friends if we had known them. We were sure they were close about us, invisible, the color of the wind, and in the wind we almost felt them brushing past us—the eager, rushing, intimate wind—trying to make friends.

God, as the great ruler of these kindly dead, seemed near and friendly, too, and the idea of Him as a Being and a Friend had grown steadily until I felt a shy, wondering love for Him which gradually became an absorbing passion as I learned to feel Him more and more through nature; for in the sea, the woods, the mountains, and the sky I felt Him close beside me, waiting, always waiting, until my eyes should open and I, no longer blind to mystery, should see and know Him. It was the strange sense of a Presence that I had always felt in certain places, sometimes sublime and often terrible, now become wholly good and universal, incar-

nate in all nature. But how incarnate? What quality was He that made the world of nature one?

At first I thought it must be life, from the blind grouping of the crystal up through the springing tree to man—God must be life, and as such I loved and gloried in Him, until one day, as I lay beside a little brook watching the tiny ferns and moss that grew upon the bank, no longer marvelling at their minute perfections, for they were part of God—God present in their smallest particle that lived—I saw the curled-up wisp of a little dead fern and I wondered what that could mean. It was dead, so it could not be God, and yet I felt in it the same divinity as in the growing plant; and as I lay on my back looking up through the trees at the sky above while I tried to think out this new problem, I saw the clouds float by white and tranquil, most divine of all. Yet the clouds had no life; in a sense they, too, were dead. No, God could not be life; He must be something else inherent in the universe.

More and more it puzzled me to find out what He was and I always thought about it as I painted out-of-doors and lived long working hours alone with the earth and sky, for landscapes were what I cared most to paint—landscapes and flowers.

I had found that paint could do for me what making up our words had done—express the inner

meaning all objects held for me and give some hint of their spirit. I tried to paint not their actual appearance only but to catch the vague additional something which brought the tears to my eyes, to give to my painting a little of the beauty Una Mary saw and felt, for she knew, really knew, exactly how the picture ought to look. She knew trees and the sea and sky as if they were parts of herself, and yet when I drew them they became pictures of total strangers. I remember tearing up a sketch I had just finished of an apple-tree because I could not make it look kindly, and I longed to paint shadows so that they were luminous, as if they were floating lightly on the ground, instead of the smudges of gray paint of the right shape and color which for years had satisfied me.

It was real agony as well as joy, this effort to give birth to the beauty Una Mary felt, and sometimes by almost shedding life's blood in my efforts I managed to express a slight suggestion of it, but when I did the struggle was so intense it led to my remarking to my astonished aunt, "Power is pain," a saying the family teased me about for years, it sounded so pretentious, though it had actually been wrung from my innermost heart. It was one of those times when I had been so rash as to let Una Mary really speak; only Madge or Hannah could have understood. I wrote the phrase down in the

note-book I kept of "Una Mary's Thoughts and Feelings."

The root of the trouble with my painting seemed to be Una. Because of her ignorance her hands could not express what I really felt, and the only solution seemed to be to educate Una and try to develop her to Una Mary's level.

One day in February I found a clover plant coming up through the snow. One leaf was wide open, daintily marked with crescents of paler green; the other leaves still folded together, half hidden by the pink-veined sheath. In its exquisite dauntlessness it seemed to sum up the whole of spring, and in the painting I made of it I caught for the first time a little of what I felt, caught enough to fill me with surprise and awe—it was so far beyond anything I had ever done before.

It was so much better than my other paintings that I felt I could not have done it wholly by myself. It had in it a little of what I called the God quality—that quality that puzzled me in all nature—and I felt as if it must have come from somewhere outside through me. It seemed as miraculous as striking a match into a living flame, and as the flame was the light of God, could this spirit of the clover leaf that gazed at me from my own painting be also really of God?

Was it God who had guided my hand, speaking

through me of a truth of Beauty that Una Mary had only dimly guessed? I knew it must be so, and I began to feel that I should some day understand what God was, God grown suddenly near and intimate and to be loved as I had loved Edward—now Jesus—and the Virgin, for He was mine to find everywhere, even in myself, no longer a snatcher of souls or a mysterious vagueness beyond the mountains or the power of the tempest and the sea, but a God who must love us to have given us the gift of Beauty existing in all things and Una Mary selves with which to see and feel it, and then through ourselves to bring it forth again transformed by the God in us to a beauty higher still.

Beauty to me became the most vital thing in the world, for Beauty was View, it was trando, real and yet unreal, something that existed not only in the places where one found it but glimmered through them, like the sense of Beyond transcending the mountain barriers, and summed up in itself all the feelings and longings I had ever known; not a passive quality but a power which was the force behind all life and behind all nature, a power that could even work through me. These thoughts about God and Beauty gradually accumulated and became sharper and clearer until on the day when I painted the clover leaf they culminated in the knowledge that at last I had found God, the God

who was to be not only my joy and worship but my pain as well and my whole life for years to come.

I knew God was beauty. Beauty was not of God; it was God! To produce beauty was worth all the struggle, all the sacrifice of which humanity was capable—once to touch the hem of His garment and then die fulfilled!—the expression of beauty a veritable "Coming of God on Earth" and the only way in which men could find and know Him.

This belief combined all the dreams and aspirations that had made up my worship from Arcturus to the Altar of the Virgin with the sense of vastness and fundamental simplicity I had caught from my father's scientific friends. Here was at last the Primal Cause!

Heaven became to me the place of perfect beauty, and the angels those who on earth had known and worshipped it, while Jesus, who seemed as near to me as in the days when I called him Edward, became the link connecting me with these masters of the past—it was Jesus who translated them to me. Hell was eternal ugliness filled with the blind of soul who in this life had refused to see and feel, their torment that, dead, they now knew beauty and were barred from sight of it forever, and in their company the Imp belonged.

I found my supreme earthly symbol of God in the Washington Monument. To me it was more

perfectly beautiful than anything I knew, and so high its very size seemed worthier of God. In its severe perfection it was more beautiful than a mountain or the sea. They with their faulty moodiness seemed like human beauty, while this had a quality of the divine as it changed in spirit with each shifting light or shadow, glowing in the sunset or wreathed in mist at sunrise, slender, sombre, and inflexible against the storm, or white, tapering, and aloof against the starry sky on a moonlight night. Serene and strong, springing from the earth and reaching to the sky, pointing upward to the great beyond, a slender shaft of tranquil aspiration, all the elements of pain and struggle purged in the clear certainty of its perfection! Each morning as soon as I got out of bed I looked at the Monument from my window and it became the pathway of my prayers to God.

With this discovery that beauty was divine, the universe, that is, the tiny fragment of it which I knew, unfolded itself before me as a stupendous harmony, every element a necessary part of the one perfect whole, and I altered my statement in Una Mary's note-book, "Power is pain," to "Power is oneness."

Now that my two worlds, the real world and the world of my imagination were welded into one by beauty, which was the spirit of them both, I began

to feel a great restlessness and dissatisfaction with my divided self. There were pain and discord in being two selves with no real link connecting them. It made me fail in everything I tried to do, for how could I express myself when I could not understand myself, when my two selves could not understand each other and yet were forced to depend more and more upon each other? I was miserable and felt pulled in every direction at once and could no longer live an outer and an inner life that fitted comfortably together in distinct layers, wholly separate; for "feelings" which had belonged only to my inner life were becoming more and more a part of all I did.

My two selves were no longer on friendly terms —they began to hate each other, and Una Mary instead of being my only joy and consolation, the self with whom I "pretended" and rejoiced, was now become a turbulent volcano, determined to crush Una and break through my outer shell; and Una was so joyously alive she began to crowd out Una Mary. She was really almost educated, and yet Una Mary liked her less than ever and began to be as disagreeable to her as the Imp, until one dreadful day when Una retaliated. She laughed at Una Mary! Laughed with genuine amusement at her serious-mindedness and ended by calling her "high-flown!" Una Mary was aghast, and even the

Imp was shocked. What was I to do about my self? This state of anarchy could not last.

More than ever I seemed a blot on the world, the only thing that was out of harmony. Una Mary fitted into and was a part of the rhythm of beauty, but only God knew that she was there. This world knew me only as Una, a discord.

Suddenly it came to me as a revelation, the knowledge that I must weld my selves together until they became one single person and one only before I could be in harmony with life and beauty; that it was because of my divided selves that I was unhappy and a discord. I was two notes struck at once and they nullified each other. I must become one clear, distinct sound, and the way to do this seemed to be to express through Una all that Una Mary felt. All my life I had put the accent on Una Mary, had felt she was the real me and that all my failures were Una's fault; but now I saw that the trouble had always been with Una Mary—by despising Una she had made me powerless. My whole future lay with Una; she must be generous and forgive Una Mary, must become her guide and help her to come outside. Then I should be a wholly new person.

This revelation came to me one evening as I stood on a sweeping hilltop watching the sun set behind the distant White Mountains while the

thrushes sang and all creation seemed one throbbing hymn of praise, suddenly stilled as the sun sank below the horizon. Then, as the mountains grew purple and the hushed leaves waited for the night, a great, abiding peace came over me. All my longings, all my aspirations, all my struggles were released, and I felt myself swept into the great, resounding rhythm of all being.

Then the first star came out clear and hopeful in the West—Arcturus—and as I saw it I made a wish, reciting it in verse:

"Star light, star bright,
The first star I see at night,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night.

"Let Una Mary always be
A living part of the really me.
Not Una Mary and Una, too,
With Una Mary peeping through,
But as Edward into Jesus grew
And God is Beauty, ever new,
May all the world My Country be
And both the Unas a new me.

"Star light, star bright,
Grant the wish I wish to-night."

The wish came true, and after that evening Una Mary vanished as a being of distinctly separate feelings and imaginations. Her world became the

deep, encircling background of My World, supporting and sustaining my whole life; a life no longer made up of inner and outer circles that never touched, but one consistent whole with the same depths, reserves, and silences; but they were now depths and silences belonging to the surface and of which the surface strove to speak.

Life became like a deep woodland pool, tangling the eye with gold-flecked abysses of blue and green, depth on depth of impenetrable color below the sunlit surface where water-lilies float and children sail their mimic boats.

That evening, like Kipling's "Ship that Found Herself," I was suddenly and for the first time in my life

MYSELF!

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